





RANDOLPH

POEMS

1638

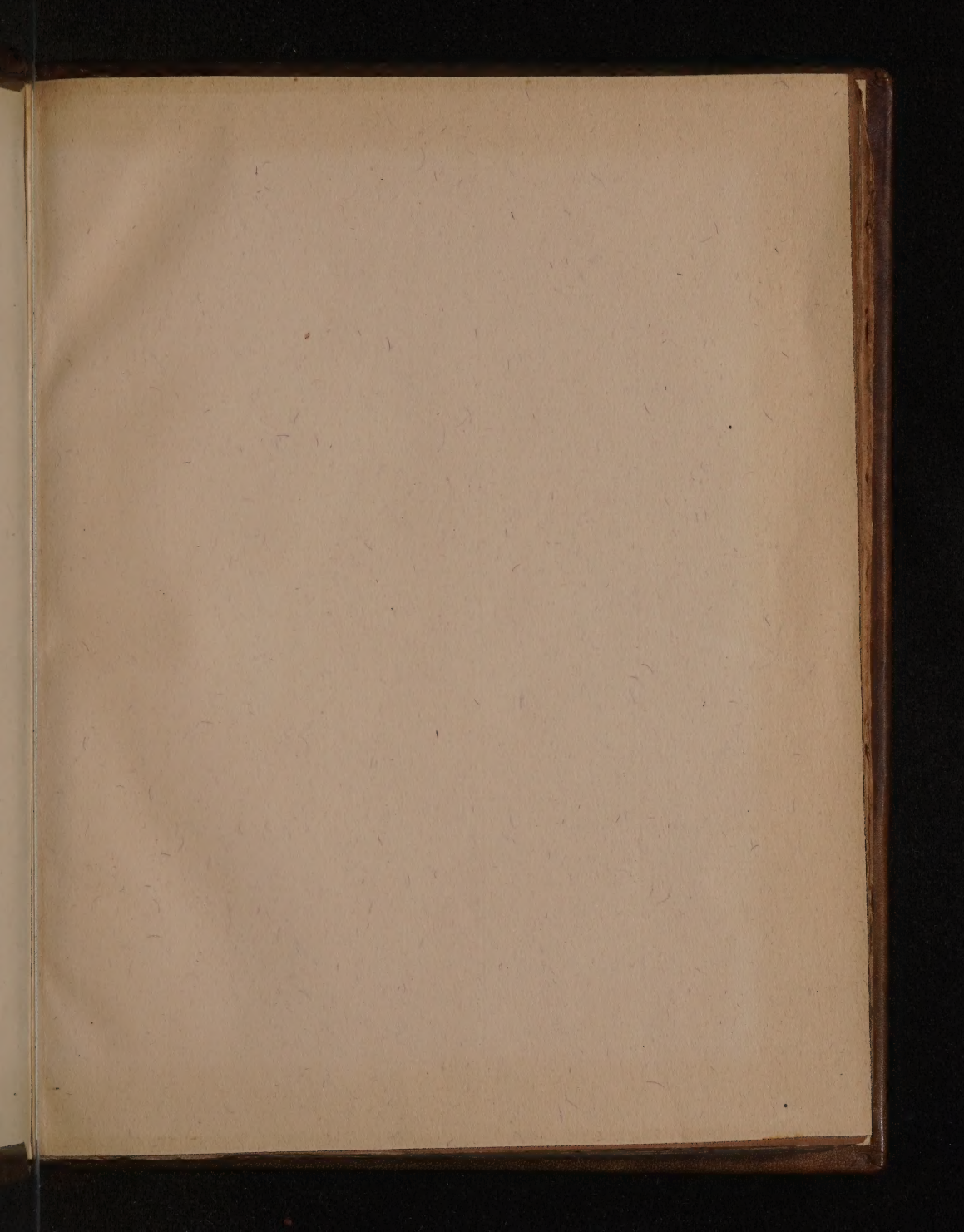


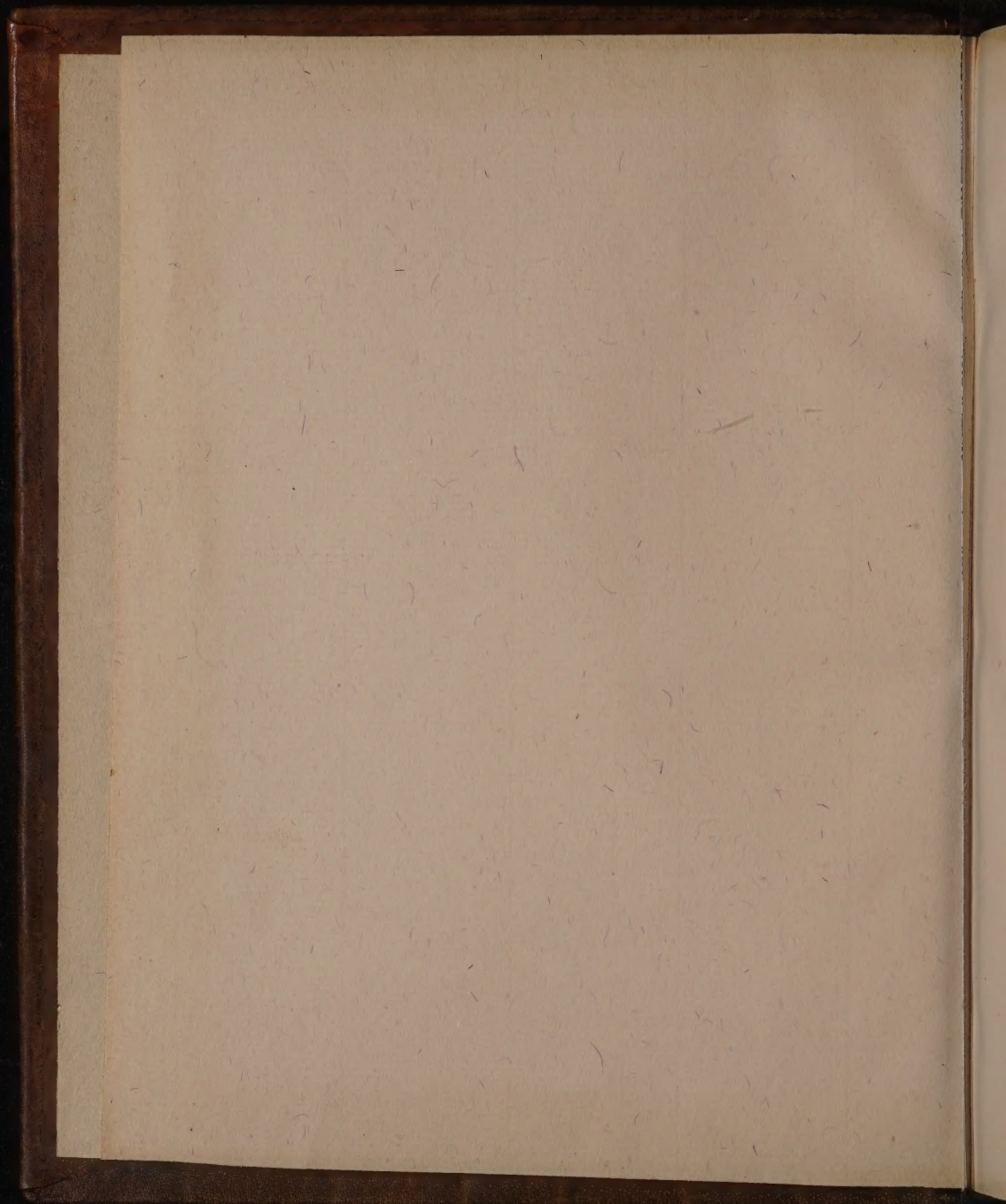


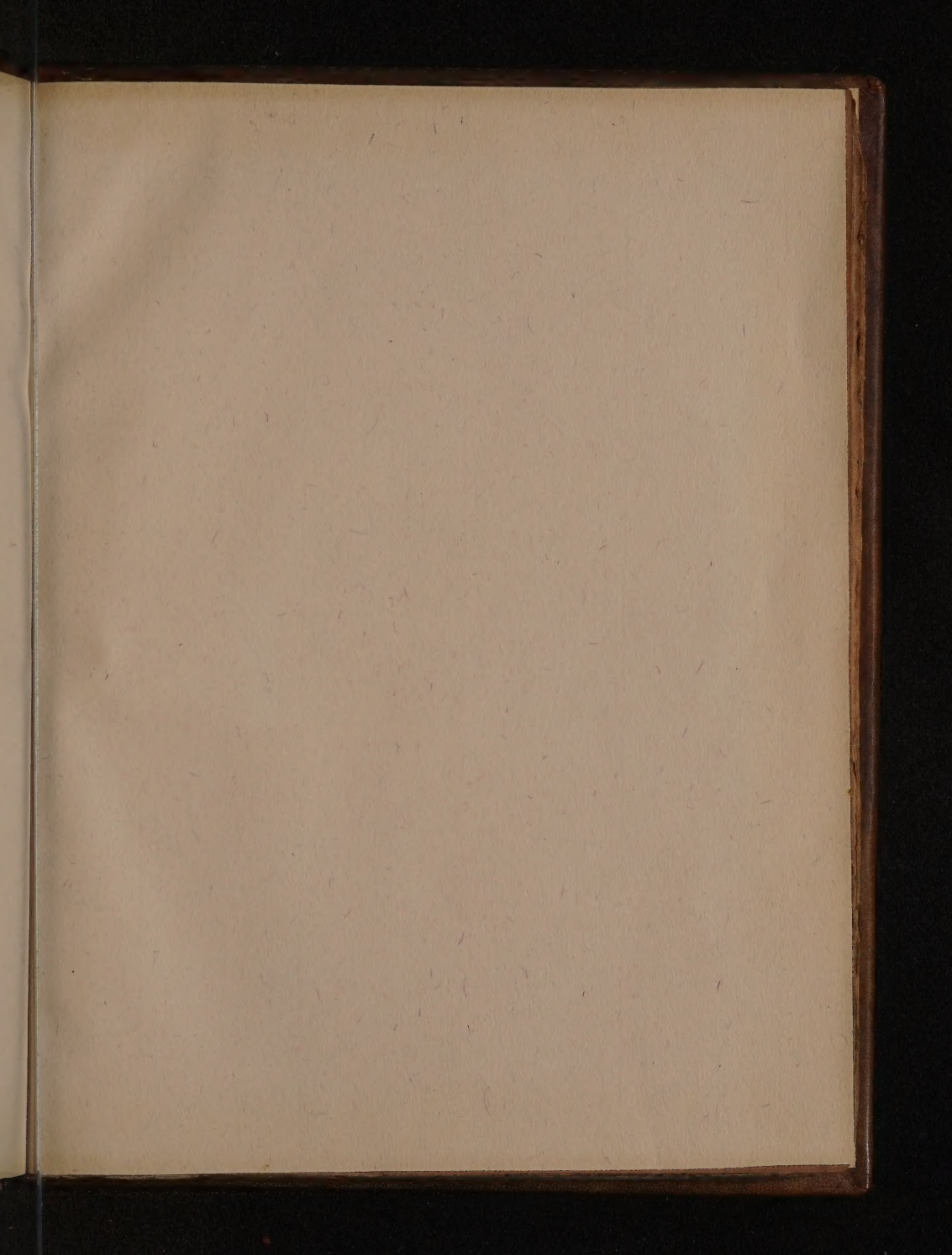


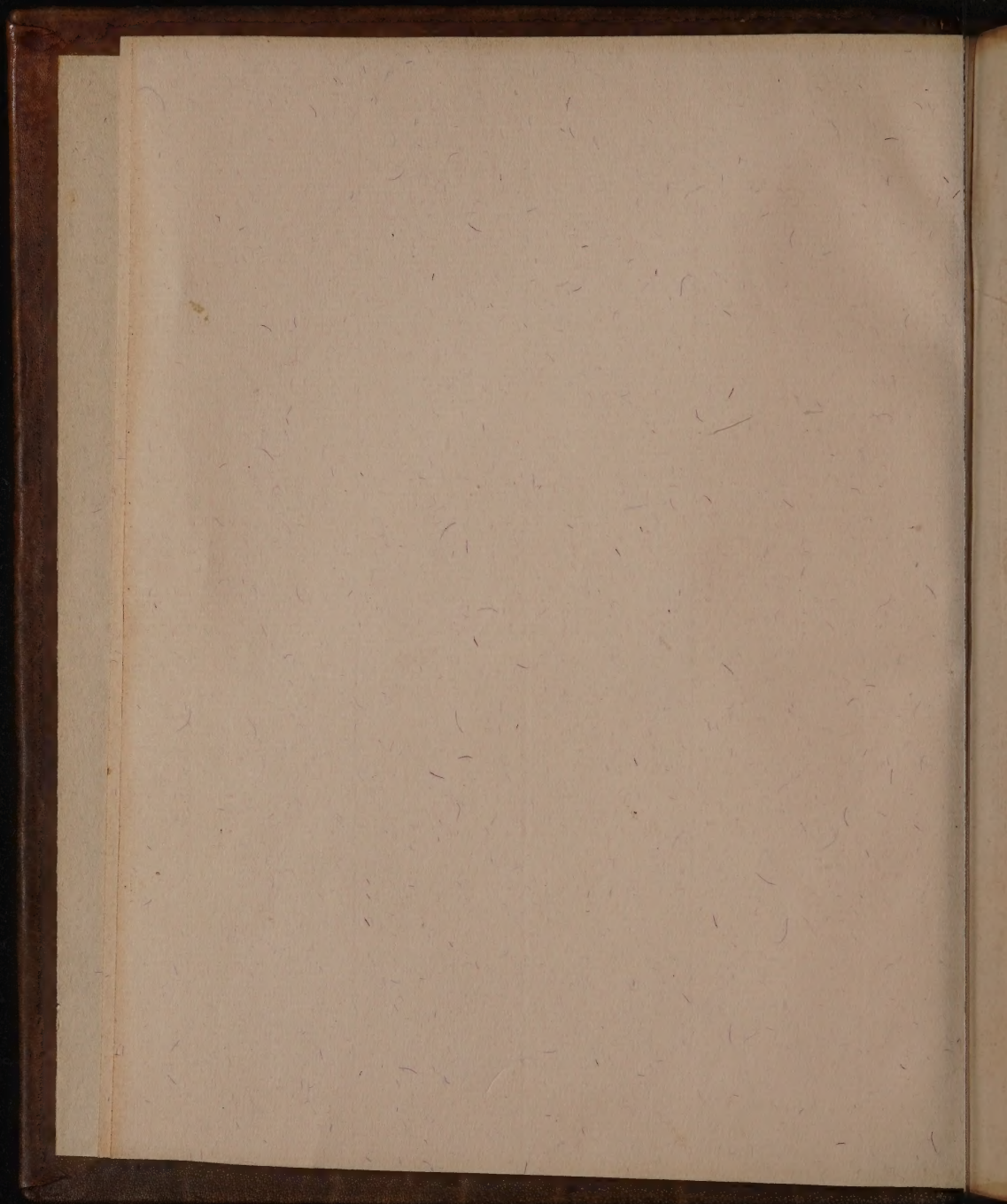
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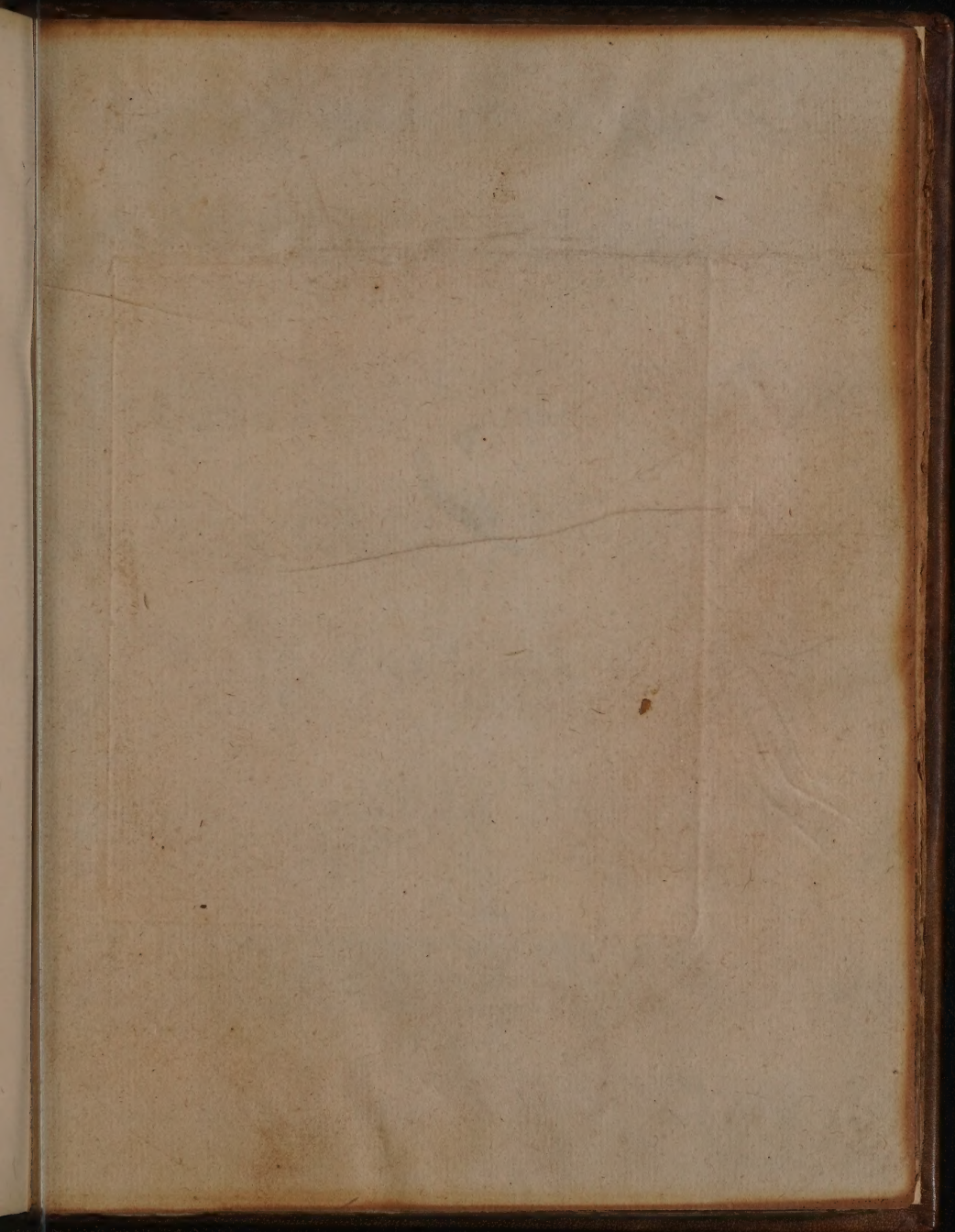
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Written by THOMAS RANDOLPH.

*Pastorem, Tityre, pingues
Pascere oportet oves, diductum dicere Carmen.*



OXFORD,

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Bowman. 1638.



ON THE
INESTIMABLE
 CONTENT HE INIOYES
 IN THE MVSES, TO THOSE
 of his Friends that dehort him
from POETRY.

GO E fordid earth, and hope not to bewitch
 My high-borne soule, that flies a nobler pitch?
 Thou can'st not tempt her with adulterate show,
 She beares no appetite that flaggs so low.
 Should both the *Indies* spread their lapps to me,
 And court my eyes to wish their *Treasurie*,
 My better *will* they neither could entice,
 Nor this with gold, nor that with all her spice.
 For what poore things had these possessions showne,
 When all were mine, but I were not mine owne!
 Others in pompous wealth their thoughts may please,
 And I am rich in wishing none of these.
 For say, which happinesse would you beg first,
 Still to have drink, or never to have thirst?

A

No

No servants on my beck attendant stand,
 Yet are my passions all at my command;
Reason within me shall sole ruler be,
 And every sense shall weare her livery.
 Lord of my selfe in cheife; when they that have
 More wealth, make that their Lord, which is my slave.
 Yet I as well as they, with more content
 Have in my selfe a Household government.
 My intellectuall soule hath there possesse
 The Stewards place, to governe all the rest.
 When I goe forth my Eyes too Vshers are,
 And dutifully walke before me bare.
 My Leggs run Footmen by me. Goe or stand
 My ready Armes waite close on either hand.
 My Lipps are Porters to the dangerous dore:
 And either Eare a trusty Auditor:
 And when abroad I goe, *Fancy* shall be
 My skilfull Coachman, and shall hurry me
 Through Heaven & Earth, and *Neptune's* watry plaine,
 And in a moment drive me back againe.
 The charge of all my Cellar, Thirst, is thine;
 Thou Butler art and Yeoman of my wine.
Stomacke the Cooke, whose dishes best delight,
 Because their only sawce is *Appetite*.
 My other Cooke *digestion*; where to me
 Teeth carve, and Palat will the taster be.
 And the two Eylids, when I goe to sleepe,
 Like carefull groomes my silent chamber keepe.
 Where least a cold oppresse my vitall part,
 A gentle fire is kindled by the Heart.

And

And least too great a heat procure my paine,
The Lungs fanne winde to coole those parts againe.
Within the inner closet of my braine
Attend the nobler members of my traine.
Invention Master of my Mint growes there,
And *Memory* my faithfull Treasurer.
And though in others 'tis a treacherous part,
My Tounge is *Secretary* to my heart.
And then the pages of my soule and sense,
Love, Anger, Pleasure, Griefe, Concupiscence,
And all affections else are taught to obey
Like subjects, not like favourites to sway.
This is my Mannor-house, and men shall see
I here live Master of my family.
Say then thou man of worth, in what degree
May thy proud fortunes over-balance me?
Thy many barks plough the rough Oceans backe;
And I am never frighted with a wracke.
Thy flocks of sheepe are numberlesse to tell;
And with one fleece I can be cloth'd as well.
Thou hast a thousand severall farmes to let;
And I doe feede on ne're a Tenants sweat.
Thou hast the Commons to Inclosure brought;
And I have fixt a bound to my vast thought.
Variety is sought for to delight
Thy witty and ambitious Appetite;
Three Elements, at least, dispeopled be,
To satisfie judicious gluttony:
And yet for this I love my Commons here,
Above the choicest of thy dainty cheere.

Noe widdowes curse caters a dish of mine,
 I drinke no teares of Orphans in my wine.
 Thou maist perchance to some great office come,
 And I can rule a Common wealth at home.
 And that preheminance injoy more free,
 Then thou pult up with yaine Authority.
 What boots it him a large command to have,
 Whose every part is some poore vices slave!
 Which over him as proudly Lords it there,
 As o're the rusticke he can domineere.
 Whilst he poore swaines doth threat, in his own eyes
 Lust and Concupiscence doe Tyrannize.
 Ambition wrackes his heart with jealous feare,
 And bastard flattery captivates his care.
 He on posterity may fixe his care,
 And I can study on the times that were.
 He stands upon a pinnacle to show
 His dangerous height, whilst I sit safe below.
 Thy father hords up gold for thee to spend,
 When death will play the office of a friend,
 And take him hence, which yet he thinks too late:
 My nothing to inherit is a fate
 Above thy birth-right, should it double be;
 No longing expectation tortures me.
 I can my fathers reverend head survey,
 And yet not wish that every haire were gray.
 My constant *Genius* sayes I happier stand,
 And richer in his life, then in his land.
 And when thou hast an heyre, that for thy gold
 Will thinke each day makes thee an yeare to old;

And

And ever gaping to possesse thy store,
 Conceives thy age to be above fourescore
 'Cause his is one and twenty, and will pray
 The too slow houres to hast, and every day
 Bespeake thy Coffin, cursing every bell,
 That he heares tole, 'cause 'tis anothers knell;
 (And justly at thy life he may repine,
 For his is but a wardship during thine.)
 Mine shall have no such thoughts, if I have one
 He shall be more a pupill then a sonne:
 And at my grave weepe truth, and say deaths hand,
 That bountifully unto thine gave land,
 But rob'd him of a Tutor, Cursed store!
 There is no piety but amongst the poore.
 Goe then confesse which of us fathers be
 The happier made in our posterity:
 I in my Orphane that hath nought beside
 His vertue, thou in thy rich parricide.
 Thou severall Artists doest imploy to show
 The measure of thy lands; that thou maist know
 How much of earth thou hast: while I doe call
 My thoughts to scan how little 'tis in all.
 Thou hast thy hounds to hunt the timorous hare,
 The crafty fox, or the more noble deere;
 Till at a fault perchance thy Lordship be,
 And some poore citty varlet hunt for thee.
 For 'tis not poore *Actions* fault alone;
 Hounds have devour'd more Masters sure then one.
 Whilst I the while pursuing my content,
 With the quicke Nostrils of a judgement, sent

The hidden steps of nature, and there see
 Your game maintain'd by her Antipathye.
 Thou hast a Hawke, and to that height doth flye
 Thy understanding, if it soare so high:
 While I my soule with Eagles Pinions wing,
 To stoope at Heaven, and in her Talons bring
 A glorious constellation, sporting there
 With him whose belt of starres adorne the spheare.
 Thou hast thy landskips, and the painters try
 With all their skill to please thy wanton eye.
 Here shadowy groves, and craggy mountaines there,
 Here Rivers headlong fall, there springs runne cleare;
 The Heavens bright Raies through clouds must azure
 Circled about with Iris gawdy bow. (show,
 And what of this? I reall Heavens doe see,
 True springs, true groves, whilst yours but shadows be.
 Nor of your houldhold stufte so proudly boast,
 Compos'd of curiosity and cost:
 Your two best chambers are unfurnished,
 Th' inner and upper roome, the heart and head.

But you will say the comfort of a life
 Is in the partner of our joyes, a wife.
 You may have choice of brides, you need not wooe.
 The rich, the faire, they both are proferd you.
 But what fond virgin will my love preferre,
 That only in *Parnassus* joynture her!
 Yet thy base match I scorne, an honest pride
 I harbour here that scornes a market bride.
 Neglected beauty now is priz'd by gold,
 And sacred love is basely bought and sold.

Wives

Wives are growne traffique, marriage is a trade,
 And when a nuptiall of two hearts is made,
 There must of moneyes too a wedding be,
 That coine as well as men may multiplye.

O humane blindness! had we eyes to see,
 There is no wealth to valiant poetry!
 And yet what want I Heaven or Earth can yeeld?
 Me thinkes I now possesse the *Elisian* field.
 Into my chest the yellow *Tagus* flowes,
 While my plate fleete in bright *Pactolus* rowes.
 Th' *Hesperian* Orchard's mine, mine, mine is all:
 Thus am I rich in wealth poëtically.
 Why strive you then my friends to circumvent
 My soule, and rob me of my blest content?
 Why out of ignorant love counsell you me
 To leave the Muses and my poetry?
 Which should I leave and never follow more,
 I might perchance get riches and be poore.

In Anguem, qui *Lycorin* dormientem
 amplexus est.

VEr erat, & flores per apertum libera campum
 (Vt Cereris spes una) legit mea flamma *Lycoris*.
 At nimio tandem studio, nimioq; labore
 Admisit somnos virides defessa per herbas.
 Utq; erat, & placidum carpebant membra soporem,
 Alternâ variâ maculâ de flore propinquo

Per

Per vestes tacite subrepsit Lubricus anguis.
 Vidi ego, & attonitam percussus frigore mentem,
 Omnia pertimui: Tu me Rhodopœia conjux
 Serpentum insidiis blando direpta marito,
 Prima feris: sed cum tendentem innoxia vidi
 Spicula, nec lassæ fraudem intentare puella:
 Quam longè timor hic abiit, maiore secuto
 Namq; levis totam lustravit vipera corpus;
 Iamq; suam Lybiam & steriles fastidit arenas:
 Et mirata femur, ventremq; atque ubera lacte
 Candidiora suo: Tali fas, dixit, in arvo
 Fas mihi semper erit, perq; istos serpere colles.
 Me videt & metuens cerni fugit improbus anguis.
 Sub niveoque latet collo, sua lilia credens;
 Purpureis mox usque genis allapsus, in istis
 Tutius est hæere rosis, & dulcius, inquit.
 Tum frontem spectans, venasq; in fronte tumentes,
 Quænam (ait ille) iugo violæ nascuntur in isto:
 Hinc ad Casariam surgit, flavosq; capillos,
 Et stupet auratam formoso in vertice sylvam.
 Hesperiumq; nemus iam credit, credidit hortum.
 Talibus aut foliis, aut tali fronde superbâ
 Non illi Myrtus Paphiæ, Dodonaq; Quercus,
 Thessala nec Pinus, nec erat Penœia laurus.
 Gaudia iam tota implerant securâ pericli
 Pectora, descendit rursus, totosq; per artus
 Lascivus gestit numeroso ludere gyro.
 Caudaq; formosum cingat dum frigida collum,
 Labra petit labris, & Nectaris oscula libat,
 Spirantesque haurit Zephiros, atque omnia Phœnix.

Quæ potuit moriens precioso imponere busto.
 Quicquid olent Arabes, seivum non inde venenum,
 Sed velut Hyblæos discurrens incola campos,
 Mella legit nova naper Apis: jam credite, possit
 Inter Aristæi serpens armenta vagari.
 Ah quoties metui cælestes frigidus Artes,
 Rivalemq; Iovem! formâ ne callidus istâ
 Appeteret nostram, petiit Deoïda Nympham.
 Exerit ille caput (toto iam corde voluptas
 Insedit) Cantuq; suæ blanditur amica,
 Dulciaq; erectis modulatur sibila cristis.

Excutitur Nympha somnus, iam membra resecta
 Luminag; attollit totum admittentia Phœbum.
 Dumq; ibi dispersos flores, lapsamq; coronam
 Colligit in gremio, maculosus cernitur anguis.
 Illa (sibi nota quanta est fiducia formæ!)
 Nil metuens, tenerum tractavit pollice vermem,
 Admovitq; sinu, colloq; & pectore fovit.
 Hic ludens modo per digitos novus annulus ibat,
 Splendida nunc mediam complexus Zona puellam;
 Vivag; per teretes pendens armilla lacertos.
 Gratiôr ut fieret cultus, in mille figuras
 Flectitur, innumeros sese variavit in orbes,
 Candida multiplici constringens brachia nodo.

Ah nimium superis, nimium est dilecta Lycoris!
 Eos alit fluctus, & littora rubra
 Scrutantur, nulli misit prius Africa gemmas.
 Perniciem quacumq; parant & flebile virus
 Humano generi, cupiunt ornare Lycorin.
 Namq; ea, parva licet, summo quæ pendula tecto

Nectit opus, cum de serpente monilia facta
 Emula vidisset, subito novus ardor amantis
 Pectus agit: Serpens hæc, inquit, tibi gemma Licoris!
 Nulla ego contulerim divinæ munera formæ!
 Nec mora; deposcit radios, sua retia mittit,
 Quæq; solet trepidis venabula tendere muscis,
 Et tibi subtiles meditatur Aranea telas.

Tu tamen, ô serpens, qui nostris reptile felix
 Deliciis fruiere & triplici rapis oscula lingua,
 (Sic semper novus exuvii & pelle renatâ
 Perfectam repetas per sacula mille iuventam!)
 Vestras pulchram artes & pharmaca vestra Lycorin
 Edoceas, longam ne sentiat illa senectam,
 Nec fronti turpes inscribant tempora rugas.
 At nova perpetuò facies, eademq; Lycorin
 Monstret, & in speculo nunquam sese altera quærat,
 Et Venerem formâ superans ævoq; Sybillam.
 At tandem hinc abiens, ô felicissime Serpens,
 Quando renaſcentes numerâſti ſapientis annos,
 Accedas aſtris ſidus, Pythone remoto,
 Fluminis in morem flexus; Tu deinde Lycori
 Cum tædet vitæ Serpenti proxima chara
 Stella nite, cælumq; bea, tibi detq; Cathedram
 Caſſiopæa ſuam, det Bacchi Virgo Coronam.

Engliſhed thus Παιρρεγισκός

THe ſpring was come, and all the fields growne fine;
 My flame Lycoris like young Proſerpine

Went

Went forth to gather flowers, bettring their sent
 They tooke more sweetnesse from her, then they lent.
 Now loaden with her harvest, and o'repress't
 With her sweete toyle, she laid her downe to rest.
 Lyllyes did strow her couch, and proud were growne
 To beare a whitnesse purer then their owne.
 Roses fell downe soft pillowes to her head,
 And blusht themselves into a deeper red
 To emulate her cheekes: *Flora* did set
 Her maids to worke to weave the Violet
 Into a purple rugge, to shield the faire
Lycoris from the malice of the Ayre.
 When loe a snake hid in the neighbour bowres,
 (Ah who could think treason should lurke in flowers?)
 Shootes forth her checker'd skin, and gently creepes
 Ore my *Lycoris*, that as gently sleepes.
 I saw it, and a sodaine frost possesst
 My frighted soule in my then troubled brest.
 What feares appear'd not to my mind and me?
 Thou first wert call'd bemoan'd *Enridice*,
 By serpents envy forced to expire,
 From *Orpheus* rapt, and his death conquering lyre.
 But when I found he wore a guiltlesse sting,
 And more of love did then of treason bring:
 How quickly could my former feare depart;
 And to a greater leave my iealous heart!
 For the smooth Viper every member scands,
Africk he loaths now, and the barren sands
 That nurst him, wondring at the glorious sight
 Of thighes and belly, and her brests more white

Then their owne milke: *Ah might I still* (quoth he)
Cramle in such fields, 'twixt two such mountaines be!
 There me he spied, and fearing to be seen,
 Shrowds to her neck, thinking 't had *Lyllies* been.
 But viewing her bright cheekes, he soone did crye
Vnder you Roses shall I safer lye.
 Thence did her forehead with full veines appeare,
Good heaven (quoth he) *what violets growe here*
On this cleare Promontory? Hence he slides
 Vp to her lockes, and through her tresses glides,
 Her yellow tresses; dazel'd to behold.
 A glistring groue, an intire wood of Gold.
 Th' *Hesperian* wood he thinkes he now hath scene,
 That thought, But now, they had an Orchard beene,
 For leaves and boughs the *Archimedian* vine,
 The *Dodon* Oak and the *Thessalian* Pine
 must yeeld to these, no trees so bright as they,
 Nor *Paphian* Mirtles, nor *Penëian* bay!
 Ioy now fild all his brest, no timorous feare
 Of danger could find roome to harbour there.
 Downe slips he and about each limbe he hurles
 His wanton body into numerous curles.
 And while his taile had throwne it selfe a chaine
 About her necke, his head beares up againe;
 With his black lips her warmer lips he greets,
 And there with kisses steeped in *Nectar* meets.
 Thence *Zephyr's* breath he suckes, then doth he smell
 Perfumes that all th' *Arabian* gummes excell.
 And spices that doe build the *Phoenix* Pyre,
 When she renewes her youth in funerall fire.

Nor

Nor seekes he payson there, but like the Bee
That on mount *Hybla* plyes her husbandry.
He gathers honey thence, now, now I know
With *Aristaus* flocks a snake may goe.
Ah cold at heart, I fear'd some heavenly sleight;
And love my rival; that his old deceit
Had once againe this borrowed shape put on
To court my Nymph, as he *Deois* wonne.
Up lift the snake his head (for pleasure now
Held all his soule) and with erected brow
To flatter's Loue he sung; he strives to play,
And hisses forth a well tun'd Roundelay.
This wakes the Nymph; her eyes admit the day;
Here flowers, and there her scatter'd garlands lay,
Which as shee picks up and with bents retyes,
Shee in her lap the speckled Serpent spies.
The Nymph no signe of any terrour shows,
(How bold is beauty when her strength shee knows!)
And in her hand the tender worm shee grasp'd,
While it sometimes about her finger clasp'd
A ring enamel'd, then her tender wast
In manner of a girdleround imbrac't;
And now upon her arme a braslet hung,
Where for the greater ornament, he flung
His limber body into severall folds,
And twenty winding figures, where it holds
Her amorous pulse, in many a various twist,
And many a love-knot tyes upon her wrist.
Lycoris to the Gods thou art too deare,
And too too much of heaven belov'd I feare.

This or that Nymph's the red-sea spoiles may be,
 But *Lybia* ne're sent Jewels but to thee.
 What e're to us are deaths and poysons sent,
 Desire to be *Lycoris* ornament.
 For that same litle spider that hangs up,
 Together with her web on the house top,
 When shee beheld the snake a bracelet made,
 Struck with an envy, and a love; shee said,
 And shall a snake thy *Gemme Lycoris* bee,
 And such bright forme receive no tyres from mee?
 Then flings her nets away, and throwing by
 Her subtile toyl shee sets to catch the fly;
 To th'loom *Arachne* goes, and plyes it there,
 To work a robe for my *Lycoris* weare.

But thou, ô *Serpent*, which so blest canst bee
 To reap those joyes for which I envy thee:
 That, happy worm, upon her lip hast hung,
 Sucking in kisses with thy three-fork'd tongue,
 (So may'st thou age and skin together cast,
 And oft recall thy youth, when it is past.)
 Teach my *Lycoris* what your Arts may bee,
 Let her th' Ingredients of thy Cordials see.
 That shee may ne're grow old, that times dull plow
 May never print a wrinkle in her brow.
 I charge thee in the pow'rfull *Cupids* name
 May a new beauty alwayes and the same
Lycoris shew, ne're may shee in her glasse
 Look for her own, and find another face.
Venus for beauty may shee then appear,
 When shee has liv'd to old *Sybilla's* year,

And

And when, deare snake, thou wilt no more renew
 Thy youthfull vigour, bid base earth adiew:
 Adde glory to the night, or from his spheare
 Huge *Python* pull and fix thy torches there:
 Where like a river thou shalt bending go,
 And through the Orbe a starry torrent flow.
 And thou *Lycoris*, when th' art pleas'd to take
 No more of life, next thy beloved *Snake*
 Shine forth a constellation, full, and bright;
 Blesse the poor heavens with more majestic light.
 Who in requitall shall present you there,
Ariadnes Crown, and *Cassiopeas Chayr*.

*A complaint against Cupid that he never
 made him in Love.*

How many of thy Captives (Love) complaine
 Thou yoke'st thy slaves in too severe a chaine?
 I have heard 'em their Poetique malice shew,
 To curse thy Quiver, and blaspheme thy bow.
 Calling thee boy, and blind; threatning the rod;
 Prophanely swearing that thou art no God.
 Or if thou be; not from the starry place;
 But born below, and of the Stygian race.
 But yet these Atheists that thy shafts dislike,
 Thou canst be freindly to, and daigne to strike.
 This on his *Cloris* spends his thoughts and time;
 That chaunts *Corinna* in his amorous rime.

A third speaks raptures, and hath gain'd a wit
 By praising *Calia*; else had mist of it.
 But I that think there can no freedom be,
 (*Cupid*) so sweet, as thy Captivity.
 I that could wish thy chains, and live content
 To wear them, not my Gives, but ornament:
 I that could any ransom pay to thee,
 Nor to redeem, but sell my liberty;
 I am neglected; let the cause be known;
 Art thou a niggard of thy arrows grown,
 That wert so prodigall? or dost thou please
 To set thy Pillars up with Hercules
 Weary of conquest? or should I disgrace
 Thy victories, if I were daign'd a place
 Amongst thy other Trophies? none of these,
 Witness thy dayly triumphs: who but sees
 Thou still pursuest thy game from high to low;
 No age, no Sexe can scape thy pow'rfull bow.
 Decrepit age whose veins and bones may bee
 An Argument against Philosophy,
 To prove an emptinesse; that has no sense
 Left but his feeling, feels thy influence;
 And dying dotes: not babes thy shafts can misse;
 How quickly Infants can be taught to kisse! (row,
 As the poor Apes being dumb these words would bor-
I was born to day to get a babe to morrow.
 Each plow-man thy propitious wounds can prove,
 Tilling the earth, and wishing t' were his love.
 Am Invulnerable? is the dart
 Rebateen, which thou level'st at my heart:

Ill rest my Parents bones, if they have done
 As *Tethu* once did to her God-like sonne
 The great *Archilles*, dipt in Stygian lake;
 Though I am so, *Cupid*, thy arrows take,
 Try where I am not proof, and let me feel
 Thy 'archery, if not i'th heart, i'th heel,
 Perchance my heart lyes there, who would not be
 A Coward, to be valiant made by thee.
 I cannot say thy blindness is the cause,
 That I am barr'd the freedom of thy laws;
 The wretched out-Law of thy Mothers Court,
 That place of comfort, Paradise of sport.
 For they may say, that say thou blind canst be,
 Eagles want eyes, and only moles can see.
 Not *Argus* with so many lights did shine,
 For each fair Ladies sparkling eyes are thine.
 Think'st thou because I doe the Muses love,
 I in thy Camp would a faint souldier prove?
 How came *Musaeus*, and *Anacreon* then
 Into thy troops? how came *Tibullus* pen
 Amongst thy spears; and how came *Ovid* (say)
 To be enrold great Generall in thy pay?
 And doubts thou me? suspect yon I will tell
 The hidden misteries of your *Paphian* cell,
 To the straight lac'd *Diana*? or betray
 The secrets of the night, unto the day?
 No *Cupid*, by thy mothers doves I swear,
 And by her sparrows, 'tis an idle fear,
 If *Philomel* descend to sport with me;
 Know I can be (great *Love*) as dumb as thee,

C

Though

Though she hath lost her tongue, in such delights III
 All should be like her, only talk by nights; and who T A
 Make me thy Preist (if Poets truth divine) T
 I'll make the Muses wanton; at thy shrine I T
 They all shall wait; and *Dian's* selfe shall be T
 A votresse to thy Mothers *Numerian* T
 Where zeale with nature shall maintaine no strife; T
 Where none swear chastity, and single life. T A
 To *Venus*-Nuns an easier oath is read; T
 Shee breaks her vow, that keeps her maiden head, and T
 Reject not then your *Flamin's* ministry: T
 Let me but deacon in thy Temples be: T
 And see how I shall touch my powerfull lyre; T
 And more inspir'd with thine, then *Phoebus* fire; T
 Chaunt such a moving verse, as soon should frame T
 Desire of dalliance in the coyest dame; T
 Melting to amorous thoughts her heart of stone; T
 And force her to untrusse her Virgin Zones T
 Is *Lucrece*, or *Penelope* alive? T
 Give me a *Spartan* Matron, *Sabine* wife; T
 Or any of the *vestals* hither call; T
 And I will make them be thy converts all; T
 Who like good Protestants more in heart then show; T
 Shall to thy origies all so zealous go; T
 That *Thais* shall, nor *Helen* such appeare; T
 As if they only Loves precisians were; T
 But now my Muse dull heavy numbers sings; T
Cupid's tis thou alone giv'st verse her wings; T
 The Lawrell-wreath I never shall obtaine; T
 Unless thy torch illuminate my braine; T

though

Love

Love Laurell gives; *Phæbus* as much can say, O ni me I
 Had not he lov'd; there had not been the Bay.
 Why is my *Presentation* then put by?
 Who is't that my *Induction* dares deny?
 Can any Lady say I am unfit?
 If so, I'll sue my *Quare Impedit*.
 I am young enough, my spirits quick and good;
 My veins swell high with kind and active blood.
 Nor am I marble; when I see an eye
 Quick, bright, and full, 'raid round with maiestie;
 I feel my heart with a strange heat oppress,
 As 'twere a lightning darter through my brest.
 I long not for the cherries on the Tree,
 So much as those which on a lip I see.
 And more affection beare I to the Rose
 That in a cheek, then in a garden grows.
 I gaze on beauteous Virgins with delight,
 And feel my temper vary at the sight;
 I know not why; but warmer streams doe glide
 Thorough my veins; sure 'tis a wanton tide.
 But you perchance esteeme my love the lesse,
 Because I have a foolish bashfulnesse,
 A shame-fac'd rose you find within my face,
 Whose modest blush frights you from my embrace;
 That's ready now to fall, if you'le but daigne
 To pluck it once, it shall not grow againe.
 Or doe you therefore cast my love away,
 Because I am not expert in the play?
 My skill's not known till it be ventred on;
 I have not *Aristotle* read alone.

I am in *Ovid* a proficient too,
 And if you'd heare my Lecture, could to you
 Analize all his art, with so much more
 Iudgment and skill, then e're 'twas taught before,
 That I might be cheife master, he, dull foole,
 The under usher in the *Cyprian* Schoole:
 For perty *Pædagogus*, poore Pedant, he
 First writ the Art, and then the remedie:
 But I could set downe rules of love so sure,
 As should exceed Art, and admit no cure.
 Pictures I could invent (*Love*, were I thine)
 As might stand copies unto *Aretine*,
 And such new dalliance study, as should frame
 Variety in that which is the same.
 I am not then uncapable (great *Love*)
 Would'st thou my skill but with one arrow prove.
 Give me a Mistresse in whose looks to joy,
 And such a Mistresse (*Love*) as will be coy,
 Not easily wonne, though to be wonne in time;
 That from her nicenesse I may store my rhyme:
 Then in a Thousand sighes, to thee I'll pay
 My Morning Orisons, and every day
 Two Thousand groans, and count these amorous pray-
 I make to thee, not by my *Beads*, but *Teares*.
 Besides, each day I'll write an Elegy,
 And in as lamentable Poetry
 As any Inns of Court-man, that hath gone
 To buy an *Ovid* with a *Littleton*.
 But (*Love*) I see you will not entertaine
 Those that desire to Live amidst your traine;
 For

For death and you have got a trick to fly
From such poore wretches as doe wish you nigh.
You scorne a yeelding slave; and plainly shew it, (it.
Those that contemne your pow' er you make to know

And such am I; I slight your proud commands;
I mar'le who put a bow into your hands;
A hobby-horse, or some such pretty toy,
A rattle would besit you better, Boy.

You conquer Gods and men? how stand I free,
That will acknowledge no supremacie
Vnto your childish Godhead? does it cry:
Give it a plumme to still it's Diety.

Good *Venus* let it suck, that it may keep
Lesse bawling; gentle Nurse rock it a sleep.

Or if you be past babie; and are now
Come to weare breeches, must we then allow

Your Boyship leave to shoot at whom you please?
No, whip it for such wanton tricks as these:

If this doe anger you, I'll send a Bee,
Shall to a single duell challenge thee:

And make you to your Mam run, and complaine
The little serpent stung thee once againe.

Go hunt the butter flyes, and if you can
But catch 'em, make their wings into a fan.

Wee'll give you leave to hunt and sport at them,
So you let men alone. . . . But I blaspheme

(Great *Love*) I feare I have offended thee;
If so, be mercifull, and punish me.

A gnatulatory to Mr Ben. Iohnson for his
adopting of him to be his Son.

I Was not borne to *Helicon*, nor dare
Presume to thinke my selfe a *Muses* heire.
I have no title to *Parnassus* hill,
Nor any acre of it by the will
Of a dead Ancestour, nor could I bee
Ought but a tenant unto Poëtrie.
But thy Adoption quits me of all feare,
And makes me challenge a childs portion there.
I am a kinne to *Hero's* being thine,
And part of my alliance is divine.
Orpheus, *Museus*, *Homer* too; beside
Thy Brothers by the *Roman* Mothers side;
As *Ovid*, *Virgil*, and the *Latine* Lyre,
That is so like thy *Horace*, the whole quire
Of Poets are by thy Adoption, all
My uncles; thou hast given me pow'r to call
Phæbus himselte my grandsire, by this graunt
Each Sister of the nine is made my Aunt.
Go you that reckon from a large descent
Your lineall Honours, and are well content
To glory in the age of your great name,
Though on a Herralds faith you build the same:
I do not envy you, nor thinke you blest
Though you may beare a *Gorgon* on your Crest
By direct line from *Persens*; I will boast

No farther then my Father; that's the most
 I can, or should be proud of; and I were
 Vnworthy his adoption, if that here
 I should be dully modest; boast I must
 Being sonne of his Adoption, not his lust:
 And to say truth, that which is best in mee
 May call you father, 'twas begot by thee.
 Have I a sparke of that celestiall flame
 Within me; I confesse I stole the same
Prometheus like, from thee; and may I feed
 His vulture, when I dare deny the deed.
 Many more moones thou hast, that shine by night;
 All Bankrupts, wer't not for a borrow'd light;
 Yet can forswear it; I the debt confesse,
 And thinke my reputation ne're the lesse.
 For Father let me be resolv'd by you;
 Is't a disparagement from rich *Pern*
 To ravish gold; or theft, for wealthy *Ore*
 To ranlack *Tagus*, or *Pactolus* shore?
 Or does he wrong *Alcinous*, that for want
 Doth take from him a sprig or two, to plant
 A lesser Orchard? sure it cannot bee:
 Nor is it theft to steale some flames from thee.
 Grant this, and I'll cry guilty, as I am,
 And pay a filiall reverence to thy name.
 For when my Muse upon obedient knees,
 Askes not a Fathers blessing, let her leese
 The fame of this Adoption; 'tis a curse
 I wish her 'cause I cannot thinke a worse.
 And here, as Piety bids me, I intreat

Phæbus

Phæbus to lend thee some of his own heat,
 To cure thy Palsie; else I will complaine
 He has no skill in hearbs; Poets in vaine
 Make him the God of Physicke; 'twere his praise
 To make thee as immortall as thy Baies;
 As his owne *Daphne*; 'twere a shame to see
 The God, not love his Preist, more then his Tree.
 But if heaven take thee, envying us thy Lyre,
 'Tis to pen Anthems for an Angels quire.

In Lesbiam, & Histrionem.

I Wonder what should Madam *Lesbia* meane
 To keep young *Histrion*, and for what scene
 So bravely shee maintaines him; that what sence
 He please to blesse, 'tis done at her expence!
 The play-boy spends secure; he shall have more;
 As if both *Indies* did supply his store.
 As if he did in bright *Pactolus* swim,
 Or *Tagus* yellow waves did water him:
 And yet has no renewes to defray
 These charges, but the Madam, shee must pay
 His prodigall disbursments: Madams are
 To such as he, more then a treble share.
 Shee payes (which is more then shee needs to doe)
 For her owne comming in, and for his too.
 This is reward due to the sacred sin;
 No charge too much done to the bearded chin:
 Allthough

Allthough shee stint her poore old Knight *S^t John*,
 To live upon his exhibition,
 His hundred marks *per Annum*, when her Ioy,
 Her sanguine darling, her spruce active boy
 May scatter Angels; rub out silks, and shine
 In cloths of gold; cry loud the world is mine:
 Keepe his Race-nags, and in Hide-parke be seen
 Briske as the best (as if the Stage had been
 Grown the Court's Rivall) can to *Brackly* goe,
 To *Lincolne* Race, and to *New-market* too;
 At each of these his hundred pounds has vie'd
 On *Peggabrigs*, or *Shotten-herrings* side;
 And looses without swearing. Let them curse
 That neither have a *Fortunatus* purse,
 Nor such a Madam; if this world doe hold
 (As very likely 'twill) Madams growne old
 Will be the best Monopolies; *Histrion* may
 At *Maw*, or *Gleeke*, or at *Primero* play.
 Still Madam goes to stake; *Histrion* knows
 Her worth, and therefore dices too; and goes
 As deepe, the Caster, as the only Sonne
 Of a dead Alderman, come to twenty one
 A whole weeke since; you'd know the reason why
Lesbia does this; guesse you as well as I;
 Then this I can no better reason tell;
 'Tis 'cause he playes the womans part so well.
 I see old Madams are not only toyle;
 No tilth so fruitfull as a barren soyle.
 Ah poore day labourers, how I pittie you
 That shrink, and sweat to live with much adoe!

D

When

When had you wit to understand the right,
 'Twere better wages to have work'd by night,
 Yet some that resting here, doe only thinke
 That youth with age is an unequall linke:
 Conclude, that *Histrion's* taske as hard must bee,
 As was *Mezentius* bloody cruelty.
 Who made the living to embrace the dead,
 And so expire: but I am rather lead
 His bargain of the two the best to call;
 He at one game keeps her, shee him at all

De Histrice. Ex Claudiano.

FAm'd *Stymphall*, I have heard, thy birds in flight
 Shoot showers of arrowes forth all levied right.
 And long the fable of those quills of Steele
 Did seeme to me a tale incredible.
 Now have I faith; the Porcupine I see,
 And then th' Herculean birds no wonders bee.
 Her longer head like a swines snout doth show;
 Bristles like hornes upon her forehead grow.
 A fiery heat glows from her flaming eye;
 Vnder her shaggy back the shape doth lye
 As 'twere a whelpe: nature all Art hath try'd
 In this small beast, so strangely fortified.
 A threatening wood o're all her body stands;
 And stiff with Pikes the speckled stalks in bands
 Grow to the warre; while under those doth rise

An

An other troope, girt wih alternate dyes
 Of severall hue; which while a blacke doth fill
 The inward space, ends in a solid quill.
 That lessning by degrees, doth in a while,
 Take a quick point, and sharpens to a Pile.
 Nor doth her Squadrons like the hedghogs stand
 Fixt; but shee darts them forth, and at command
 Farre of her members aimes; shot through the skie
 From her shak'd side the Native Engines flie.
 Sometimes retiring, *Parthian* like, shee'l wound
 Her following foe; sometimes in trenching round,
 In battaile forme, marshalling all her flanks,
 Shee'l clash her javelins to affright the ranks
 Of her poore enemies: lining every side
 With speares, to which shee is her selfe allied.
 Each part of her's a souldier, from her back
 But stir'd, a horse and horrid noise doth crack;
 That one would think the trumpets did incite
 Two adverse Armies to begin to fight;
 So great a noise, from one so small did rise.
 Then to her skill in Armes shee is so wise
 As to adde Policy, and a thrifty feare
 Of her owne safety; shee a wrath doth beare
 Not prodigall of weapons, but content
 With wary threatning, and hath seldome sent
 An arrow forth, caus'd by an idle strife,
 But spends 'em only to secure her life!

And then her diligent stroke so certaine is
 Without all error, shee will seldome misse.
 No distance cozens her; the dumbe skin aimes right,

And rules the levy of the skillfull fight.
 What humane labour, though we boast it such,
 Withall her reason can performe so much?
 They from the *Cretian* Goats their hornes must take,
 And after, those with fire must softer make.
 Bulls guts must bend their bows; and e're they fight
 Steele armes their darts; and fethers wing their flights.

When loe a little beast wee armed see
 With nothing but her owne Artillery:
 Who seeks no forraine aide; with her all goe,
 Shee to her selfe is Quiver, darts, and bow.
 One Creature all the Arts of warfare knows;
 If from examples then the Practice flows
 Of humane life; hence did th' Invention grow
 At distance to incounter with our foe.
 Hence the *Cydonians* instructed are
 Their Stratagems, and manner of their warre.
 Hence did the *Parthians* learne to fight, and fly;
 Taught by this bird their skilfull Archery.

In Archimedis Spharam ex Claudiano.

Iove saw the Heavens fram'd in a little glasse,
 And laughing, to the Gods these words did passe;
 Comes then the power of mortall cares so farre?
 In brittle Orbes my labours acted are.
 The statutes of the Poles, the faith of things,
 The Laws of Gods this *Syracusan* brings

Hither

Hither by art: Spirits inclos'd attend
 Their severall spheares, and with set motions bend
 The living worke: Each yeare the fained Sun,
 Each Month returns the counterfeited Moon;
 And viewing now her world, bold Industrie
 Grows proud, to know the heavens her subjects bee.
 Beleave *Salmonius* hath false thunders thrown,
 For a poore hand is Natures rivall grown.

De Magnete. Ex Claudiano.

WHo in the world with busy reason pryres,
 Searching the seed of things, & there descryes
 With what defect labours th' Ecclipsed
 What cause commands a palenesse in the Sun, (moon,
 Whence ruddy comets with their fatall haire,
 Whence winds doe flow, and what the Motions are
 That shake the bowels of the trembling earth; (birth
 What strikes the lightning forth; whence clouds give
 To horrid thunders; and doth also know
 What light lends lustre to the painted Bow:
 If ought of truth his soule doth understand,
 Let him resolve a question I'll demand:

There is a stone which we the loadstone stile,
 Of colour ugly, darke, obscure, and vile:
 It never deck'd the sleeked locks of Kings,
 No Ornament, no gorgeous Tire it brings
 To Virgins beauteous necks, it never showne

A splendent buckle in ther maiden Zone:
 But only heare the wonders I will tell
 Of his black peeble, and 'twill then excell
 All bracelets, and what e're the diving *Moore*
 'Mongst the red weeds seeks for 'ith Easterne shore:
 From Iron first it lives, Iron it eats,
 But that sweet feast it knows no other meats;
 Thence shee renews her strength, vigor is lent
 Through all her nerves by that hard nourishment;
 Without that food shee dies, a famine numm's
 Her meager joynts, a thirst her veins consumes.
Mars that frights Cities with his bloody speares,
 And *Venus* that releases humane feares,
 Doe both together in one Temple shine,
 Both joyntly honour'd in a common shrine;
 But different Statues, *Mars* a Steele put on,
 And *Venus* figure was Magnetique stone.
 To them (as is the custome every yeare)
 The Preist doth celebrate a Nuptiall there.
 The torch the Quire doth lead, the threshold's green
 With hallowed Mirtles, and the beds are seen
 To smell with rosy flowers, the Geniall sheet
 Spred over with a purple Coverlet.
 But heare (ô strange) the statues seem'd to move,
 And *Cytherea* runs to catch her Love;
 And like their former joyes in heaven posselt,
 With wanton heat clings to her *Mars*'es brest;
 There hangs a gratefull burden; then shee throwes
 Her armes about his helmet, to Inclose
 Her Love in amorous Gives, lest he get out,

Here:

Here live embraces chaine him round about.
He stir'd with love breath'd gently through his veins,
Is drawne by unseene links and secret chaines
To meet his spoused Gemme; the ayre doth wed
The Steele unto the stone; thus strangely led
The Deities their stolne delights replay'd,
And only Nature was the bridall mayd.
What heat in these two Metals did inspire
Such mutuall league? what concords powrefull fire
Contracted their hard minds? the stone doth move
With amorous heat, the Steele doth learne to love.
So *Venus* oft the God of warre withstood,
And gives him milder looks; when hot with blood
He rages to the fight, fierce with desire,
And with drawn points whets up his active Ire;
She dares goeforth alone, and boldly meet
His foaming steeds, and with a winning greet
The tumour of his high swolne breast assuage,
Tempring with gentle flames his violent rage.
Peace courts his soule, the fight he disavows,
And his red plumes he now to kisses bows.
Ah cruell Boy large thy dominions bee,
The Gods and all their Thunders yeild to thee:
Great Iove to leave his heaven thou canst constrain,
And midst the brinish waves to Lowe againe.
Now the cold Rocks thou strik'st, the sencelesse stone
Thy weapon feesles, a lustfull heat doth runne
Through veins of flint, the Steele thy Pow' er can tame;
And rigid Marble must admit thy flame.

De

De Sene Veronensi. Ex Claudiano.

HAppy the man that all his dayes hath spent
 Within his owne grounds, and no farther went.
 Whom the same house that did him erst behold
 A little Infant, sees him now grown old,
 That with his staffe walkes where he crawl'd before,
 Counts th' age of one poore cottage and no more.
 Fortune ne're him with various tumult preßt,
 Nor dranke he unknown streams, a wandring guest.
 He fear'd no Merchants stormes, nor drummes of war,
 Nor ever knew the strifes of the hoarse Bar.
 Who though to th' next Towne he a stranger bee,
 Yet heav'ns sweet prospect he enjoyes more free.
 From fruits, not Consuls, computation brings,
 By Apples Autumnes knows, by flowers the springs.
 Thus he the day by his owne orbe doth prize,
 In the same feild his Sunne doth set and rise.
 That knew an oake a twigge, and walking thither
 Beholds a wood and he grown up together.
 Neighbouring *Veron* he may for India take,
 And thinke the red sea is *Benacus* lake.
 Yet is his strength untam'd, and firme his knees,
 Him the third age a lusty Grandfire sees.
 Goe seeke who s' will the farre *Iberian* shore,
 This man hath liv'd, though that hath travell'd more.

The

The second Epod: of Horace translated.

H Appy the man which farre from city care;
 (Such as ancient Mortals were)
 With his own oxen plowshis fathers land,
 Free from Vsurers griping hand.
 The souldiers trumpets never breake his sleepe,
 Nor angry seas that raging keepe.
 He shunnes the wrangling Hall, nor foot doth set
 On the proud thresholds of the Great:
 His life is this (O life almost divine)
 To marry Elmes unto the Vine;
 To prune unfruitfull branches, and for them
 To graft a bough of happier stemme.
 Or else within the low couch'd vallies views
 His well cloth'd floc'ks of bleating ewes.
 Sometimes his hony he in pots doth keepe,
 Sometimes he sheares his fleecy sheepe.
 And when his fruits with Autumne ripened bee
 Gathers his Apples from the Tree.
 And joyes to tast the peares himselfe did plant,
 And Grapes that naught of purple want.
 Vnder an Oake sometimes he layes his head,
 Making the tender grasse his bed.
 Meane while the streams along their banks doe float,
 And birds doe chaunt with warbling throat;
 And gentle springs a gentle murmure keepe,
 To lull him to a quiet sleepe.

E

When

When winter comes, and th' ayre doth chiller grow,
 Threatning showers and shivering snow,
 Either with hounds he hunts the tusked swine
 That foe unto the corne and vine;
 Or layes his nets, or limes the unctuous bush
 To catch the blackbird, or the thrush.
 Sometimes the Hare he courses, and one way
 Makes both a pleasure and a prey.
 But if with him a modest wife doth meet,
 To guide his house and children sweet;
 Such as the *Sabine* or *Apulean* wife,
 Something brown but chaste of life;
 Such as will make a good warme fire to burne,
 Against her wearied Mate's returne;
 And shutting in her stalls her fruitfull Neat,
 Will milke the kins distended Teat:
 Fetching her husband of her selfe-brew'd beere,
 And other wholesome Country cheere;
 Suppe him with bread and cheefe, Pudding or Pye,
 Such dainties as they doe not buy:
 Give me but these, and I shall never care
 Where all the *Lucrine* oysters are;
 These wholsome Country dainties shall to mee,
 Sweet as *Tench* or *Sturgeon* bee.
 Had I but these I well could be without
 The *Carp*, the *Sammon*, or the *TROUT*:
 Nor should the *Phoenix* selfe so much delight
 My not ambitious appetite,
 As should an Apple snatch'd from mine own trees,
 Or hony of my labouring Bees.

My

My Cattels udders should afford me food,
My sheep my cloth, my ground my wood.
Sometimes a lambe, snatch'd from the wolfe shall bee
A banquet for my freind and mee.
Sometimes a Calfe ta'ne from her lowing Cow,
Or tender Issue of the Sow.
Our Gardens sallets yeild, Mallows to keepe
Loose bodies, Lettice for to sleepe.
The cackling Hen an egge for breakfast layes,
And Duck that in our water playes.
The Goose for us her tender plumes hath bred
To lay us on a softer bed.
Our blankets are not dy'd with Orphans teares,
Our Pillows are not stuff'd with cares.
To walke on our owne grounds a stomack gets,
The best of sawce to tart out meats.
In midst of such a feast, 'tis joy to come
And see the well fed Lambs at home.
'Tis pleasure to behold th' inverted Plow
The Languid necks of Oxen bow.
And view th' industrious servants that will sweat
Both at labour and at meat.
*Lord grant me but enough, I aske no more
Then will serve mine, and helpe the poore.*

E 2

Death

An Elegie upon the Lady Venetia Digby.

D *Death*, who'ld not change prerogatives with thee,
 That dost such rapes, yet mayst not question'd
 Here cease thy wanton lust, be satisfi'd, (bee
 Hope not a second, and so faire a bride.
 Where was her *Mars*, whose valiant armes did hold
 This *Venus* once, that thou durst be so bold
 By thy too nimble theft? I know 'twas feare,
 Lest he should come, that would have rescu'd her.
Monster confesse, didst thou not blushing stand,
 And thy pale cheeke turn'd red to touch her hand?
 Did thee not lightning-like strike suddaine heat
 Through thy cold limbs, and thaw thy frost to sweate?
 Well since thou hast her, use her gently, *Death*,
 And in requitall of such pretious breath
 Watch sentinell to guard her, doe not see
 The wormes thy rivals, for the Gods will bee.
 Remember *Paris*, for whose pettier sin,
 The *Troian* gates let the stout *Grecians* in,
 So when time ceases, (whose unthrifty hand
 Ha's now almost consum'd his stock of sand)
 Myriads of Angels shall in Armies come,
 And fetch (proud ravisher) there *Helen* home.
 And to revenge this rape, thy other store
 Thou shalt resigne too, and shalt steale no more.
 Till then faire Ladies (for you now are faire,

But

But till her death I fear'd your just dispaire,)
 Fetch all the spices that *Arabia* yeelds,
 Distill the choycest flowers of the fields:
 And when in one their best perfections meet
 Embalme her course, that shee may make them sweet:
 Whilst for an Epitaph upon her stone
 I cannot write, but I must weepe her one.

Epitaph.

Beauty it selfe lyes here, in whom alone,
 Each part enjoy'd the same perfection.
 In some the Eyes we praise, in some the Haire;
 In her the Lips; in her the Cheeks are faire;
 That Nymphs fine Feet, her Hands we beaurcous call,
 But in this forme we praise no part, but all.
 The ages past have many beauties showne,
 And I more plenty in our time have knowne;
 But in the age to come I looke for none,
 Nature despaire, because her pattern's gone.

An Epitaph upon M^r. J. T.

Reader if thou hast a teare,
 Thou canst not choole but pay it here.
 Here lyes *modesty*, *meeknesse*, *zeale*,
Goodnesse, *Piety*, and to tell
 Her worth at once, one that had showne
 All vertues that her sex could owne.
 Nor dare my praise too lavish bee,

Least her dust blush for soe would shee
 Hast thou beheld in the spring's bowers
 Tender buds breake to bring forth flowers:
 So to keepe vertues stock, pale death
 Tooke her to give her infant breath.
 Thus her accounts were all made even,
 Shee rob'd not earth to add to heaven.

An Epithalamium.

M Vle be a bride-maid, dost not heare
 How honoured *Hunt* and his faire *Deere*,
 This day prepare their wedding cheere:

The swiftest of thy pinions take,
 And hence a suddaine journey make,
 To helpe 'em breake their bridall Cake.

Hast 'em to Church, tell 'em love sayes
 Religion breeds but fond delays,
 To lengthen out the tedious dayes.

Chide the slow Preist, that so goes on,
 As if he feard he should have done
 His sermon, e're the glasse be runne.

Bid him post o're his words, as fast
 As if himselfe were now to rast

The

The pleasure of so faire a waft.

Now lead the blessed Couple home,
And serve a dinner up for some;
Their banquet is as yet to come.

Maids dance as nimble as your blood;
Which I see swell a purple flood
In Emulation of that good.

The bride possesseth, for I deeme
What shee enjoys will be the theme
This night of every virgins dreame.

But envy not their blest content,
The hasty night is almost spent,
And they of *Cupid* will be shent.

The Sunne is now ready to ride,
Sure 'twas the morning I espide;
Or 'twas the blushing of the bride.

See how the lusty bridegrooms veins
Swell, till the active torrent strains
To breake those o're stretcht azure chains.

And the faire bride ready to cry
To see her pleasant losse so nigh,
Pants like the sealed Pigeons eye.

Put out the torch, Love loves no lights, Those

Those that performe his mysticke rites
Must pay their Orisons by nights.

Nor can that sacrifice be done
By any *Priest*, or *Nun* alone,
But when they both are met in one.

Now you that tast of *Hymens* cheere,
See that your lips doe meet so neare,
That Cockles might be tutor'd there;

And let the whisprings of your love
Such short and gentle murmurs prove,
As they were Lectures to the dove.

And in such strict embraces twine
As if you read unto the Vine,
The Ivy, and the Columbine.

Then let your mutuall bosomes beat,
Till they create by virtuall heat
Mirrhe, Balme, and spikenard in a sweat.

Thence may there spring many a paire
Of Sonnes and Daughters strong and faire:
How soone the Gods have heard my praier!

Me thinks already I espy
The cradles rock, the babies cry,
And drousy Nurses Lullaby.

An Epitaph upon his honour'd freind M^r Warre.

Here lyes the knowing head, the honest heart,
 Faire blood, and courteous hands, and every part
 Of gentle Warre, all with one stone content,
 Though each deserv'd a severall monument.
 He was (beleive me Reader) for 'tis rare
 Virtuouse though young, and learned though an heire.
 Not with his Blood, or Natures gifts content
 He paid them both their tribute which they lent.
 His ancestors in him fixed their pride,
 So with him all reviv'd, with him all dyed.
 This made death lingring come, asham'd to bee
 At once the ruine of a familie.
 Learne Reader here, though long thy line hath stood,
 Time breeds consumptions in the noblest blood.
 Learne (Reader) here to what our Glories come,
 Here's no distinction 'twixt the House and Toombe.

Vpon the losse of his little finger.

Arithmetique nine digits, and no more
 Admits of, then I still have all my store.
 For what mischance hath tane from my left
 It seemes did only for a Cipher stand. (hand,
 But this I'le say for thee departed joynt,
 Thou wert not given to steale, nor pick, nor poine

At any in disgrace; but thou didst go
 Vntimely to thy Death only to show
 The other members what they once must doe;
 Hand, arme, legge, thigh, and all must follow too.
 Oft didst thou scan my verse, where if I misse
 Henceforth I will impute the cause to this.
 A fingers losse (I speake it not in sport)
 Will make a verse a Foot too short.
 Farewell deare finger, much I greive to see
 How soone mischance hath made a Hand of thee.

On the Passion of Christ.

What rends the temples vail, wher is day gone?
 How can a generall darknesse cloud the Sun?
 Astrologers their skill in vaine doe try,
 Nature must needs be sick, when God can dye.

Necessary observations.

I. Precept.

First worship God, he that forgets to pray
 Bids not himselfe good morrow nor good day.
 Let thy first labour be to purge thy sin,
 And serue him first, whence all things did begin.

2. Pre.

Honour thy Parents to prolong thine end,
 With

With them though for a truth doe not contend,
 Though all should truth defend, doe thou loose rather
 The truth a while, then loose their *Loves* for ever,
 Who ever makes his fathers heart to bleed,
 Shall have a child that will revenge the deed.

3 Pre.
 Thinke that is just; tis not enough to doe,
 Vnlesse thy very thoughts are upright too.

4 Pre.
 Defend the truth, for that who will not dye,
 A coward is, and gives himselfe the lye.

5 Pre.
 Honour the King, as sonnes their Parents doe,
 For he's thy Father, and thy Country's too.

6 Pre.
 A freind is gold, if true heele never leave thee,
 Yet both without a touchstone may deceive thee.

7 Pre.
 Suspicious men thinke others false, but hee
 Cozens himselfe that will too credulous bee.
 For thy freinds sake, let no suspect be shown,
 And shun to be too credulous for thine own.

8 Pre.
 Take well what e're shall chance, though bad it bee,
 Take it for good, and 'twill be so to thee.

9 Pre.
 Swear not: An oath is like a dangerous dart
 Which shot rebounds to strike the shooters heart.

10 Pre.
 The law's the path of life, then that obey,

Who keeps it not, hath wandring lost his way.

11 Pre. Thank those that doe thee good, so shalt thou gaine
Their second helpe, if thou shouldst need againe.

12 Pre. To doubtfull matters doe not headlong run;
What's well left off, were better not begun.

13 Pre. Be well advis'd, and wary counsell make,
E're thou dost any action undertake.
Having undertaken, thy endeaours bend
To bring thy Action to a perfect end.

14 Pre. Safe in thy brest close lock up thy Intents;
For he that knows thy purpose, best prevents.

15 Pre. To tell thy miseries will no comfort breed,
Men helpe thee most that thinke thou hast no need.
But if the world once thy misfortunes know,
Thou soone shalt loole a freind, and find a foe.

16 Pre. Keepe thy freinds goods, for should thy wants bee
Thou canst not tell but they may be thine own.

17 Pre. To gather wealth through fraud doe not presume,
A little evill got will much consume.

18 Pre. First thinke, and if thy thoughts approve thy will
Then speake, and after what thou speakest fulfill.

19 Pre.

Spare not, nor spend too much; be this thy care,
Spare but to spend, and only spend to spare.
Who spends too much may want, and so complaine.
But he spends best that spares to spend againe.

20 Pre.

If with a stranger thou discourse first learne
By strictest observations to discern,
If he be wiser then thy selfe; if so
Be dumbe, and rather choose by him to know.
But if thy selfe perchance the wiser bee,
Then doe thou speake that he may learne by thee.

21 Pre.

If thou dispraise a man let no man know,
By any circumstance that he's thy foe.
If men but once find that, they'll quickly see
Thy words from hate, and not from judgment bee.
If thou wouldst tell his vice, doe what you can
To make the world believe thou lov'st the man.

22 Pre.

Reprove not in their wrath incensed men,
Good councell comes cleane out of season then.
But when his fury is appeas'd and past,
He will conceive his fault and men at last.
When he is coole, and calme then utter it;
No man gives Phyfick in the midst oth' Fit.

23 Pre.

Seeme not too conscious of thy worth; nor be
The first that knows thy own sufficiency.
If to thy King and Country thy true care

More serviceable is then others are,
 That blaze in court, and every Action sway
 As if the Kingdome on their shoulders lay.
 Or if thou serv'st a master, and dost see
 Others prefer'd of lesse Desert then thee,
 Doe not complaine though such a Plaint be true,
 Lords will not give their Favours as a Due,
 But rather stay and hope: it cannot bee
 But men at last must needs thy vertues see.
 So shall thy trust endure and greater grow,
 Whilst they that are above thee, fall below.

24. Pre.

Desire not thy meane-fortunes for to set
 Next to the stately Mannors of the Great.
 He will suspect thy labours, and oppresse,
 Fearing thy greatnesse makes his wealth the lesse.
 Great ones doe love no Æquals: But must bee
 About the Termes of all comparitie.
 Such a rich Neighbour is compared best
 To the great Pike that eats up all the rest.
 Or else like *Pharaohs* Cow, that in an houre
 Will seaven of his fattest freinds devoure.
 Or like the sea whose vastnesse swallows cleane
 All other streams, though no encrease be seene.
 Live by the Poore, they doe the Poore no harme;
 So Bees thrive best when they together swarme.
 Rich men are Bears, and Poore men ought to feare'em
 Like ravenous wolves; 'tis dangerous living neare'em.

25. Pre.

Each man three Divels hath selfe borne afflictions;
 Th'

Th' unruly Tongue, the Belly, and Affections,
 Charm these, such holy Conjurations can
 Gaine thee the friendship both of God and man.

26. Pre.

So live with man as if Gods curious eye,
 Did every where into thine Actions pierce,
 For never yet was sinne so void of sence,
 So fully fac'd with brazen Impudence,
 As that it durst before mens eyes commit
 Their beastly lusts, least they should witnesse it.
 How dare they then offend, when God shall see,
 That must alone both Iudge and Iury bee.

27. Pre.

Take thou no care how to deferre thy death,
 And give more respite to this Mortall breath.
 Would'st thou live long, the only means are these
 'Bove *Galens* diet, or *Hippocrates*.
 Strive to live well; Tread in the upright wayes,
 And rather count thy Actions then thy dayes,
 Then thou hast liv'd enough amongst us here,
 For every day well spent I count a yeare.
 Live well, and then how soone so'e're thou die,
 Thou art of Age to claime Æternitie.
 But he that out lives *Nestor*, and appeares
 T' have past the date of gray *Mathusalem's* yeares.
 If he his life to sloth and sinne doth give,
 I say he only *Was*, he did not *Live*.

28. Pre.

Trust not a man unknown he may deceive thee;
 And doubt the man thou know'st for he may leave thee.

And.

And yet for to prevent exceptions too,
'Tis best not seeme to doubt although you doe.

29 Pre.

Heare much but little speake, a wise man feares,
And will not use his tongue so much as eares.

The Tongue if it the hedge of Teeth doe breake
Will others shame, and its own Ruine speake.

I never yet did ever read of any

Vndone by hearing, but by speaking many.

The reason's this, the Eares if chaste and holy,

Doe let in wit, the Tongue doth let out folly.

30 Pre.

To all alike be curteous, meeke, and kind,

A winning carriage with indifferent mind,

But not familiar, that must be exempt,

Groomes saucy love, soone turnes into contempt.

Be sure he be at least as good as thee,

To whom thy freindship shall familiar bee.

31 Pre.

Iudge not between two freinds, but rather see

If thou canst bring them freindly to agree.

So shalt thou both their Loves to thee encrease,

And gaine a Blessing too for making Peace;

But if thou should'st decide the cause i'th' end,

How e're thou judge thou sure shalt loose a freind.

32 Pre.

Thy credit wary keepe, 'tis quickly gone,

Being got by many Actions, lost by one,

33 Pre.

Vnto thy Brother buy not, sell, nor lend,

Such Actions have their own peculiar end;

But

But rather choose to give him, if thou see
That thou hast pow' er, and hee necessitie.

34 Pre.

Spare in thy youth, least Age should find thee poore
When time is past, and thou canst spare no more.
No coupl'd misery is so great in either,
As Age and Want when both doe meet together.

35 Pre.

Fly Dunkennesse, whose vile incontinence
Takes both away the reason and the sence.
Till with *Circean* cups thy mind possessest
Leaves to be man, and wholly turnes a Beast.
Thinke whilst thou swallowest the capacious Bowle,
Thou ler'st in Seas to wrack and drown the soule.
That hell is open, to remembrance call,
And thinke how subject drunkards are to Fall.
Consider how it soone destroyes the grace
Of humane shape, spoyling the beauteous face.
Puffing the cheekes, blearing the curious eye,
Studding the face with virious Heraldry.
What Pearles and Rubies doth the wine disclose,
Making the purse poore to enrich the Nose?
How does it nurse disease, infect the heart,
Drawing some sicknesse into every part!
The stomack overcloyd, wanting a vent
Doth up againe resend her excrement.
And then (ô see what too much wine can doe!)
The very soule being drunke spews secrets too,
The Lungs corrupted breath contagious ayre,
Belching up fumes that unconcocted are.

G

The

The Braine o' rewarm'd (loosing her sweet repose),
 Doth purge her filthy ordure through the nose.
 The veins doe boyle glutt'd with vitious food,
 And quickly Fevers the distemper'd blood.
 The belly swells, the foot can hardly stand
 Lam'd with the Gout; the Palsie shakes the Hand.
 And through the flesh sick waters sinking in,
 Doe bladder-like puffe up the dropi'd skin.
 It weaks the Braine, it spoiles the memory;
 Hast'ning on Age, and wilfull Poverty.
 It drownes thy better parts, making thy name
 To foes a laughter, to thy freinds a shame.
 'Tis vertues poyson, and the bane of trust,
 The match of wrath, the tuell unto lust.
 Quite leave this vice, and turne not to't againe,
 Vpon Presumption of a stronger braine.
 For he that holds more wine then other can,
 I rather count a Hogshead then a man.

36 Pre.

Let not thy Impotent lust so pow'rfull bee
 Over thy Reason, Soule, and Liberty,
 As to enforce thee to a marryed life,
 E're thou art able to maintaine a wife.
 Thou canst not feed upon her lips and face
 Shee cannot cloth thee with a poore imbrace.
 My selfe being yet alone, and but one still,
 With patience could endure the worst of ill.
 When fortune frownes, one to the wars may goe
 To fight against his foes, and fortunes too.
 But (ô) the greife were trebled for to see

Tby

Thy wretched Bride halfe pin'd with Povertie.
 To see thy Infants make their dumb complaint
 And thou not able to releive their want.
 The pooreſt begger when he's dead and gone,
 Is rich as he that ſits upon the Throne.
 But he that having no eſtate is wed,
 Starves in his grave, being wretched when he's dead.

37 Pre.

If e're I take a wife I will have one
 Neither for beauty nor for portion;
 But for her vertues; and I'll married bee
 Not for my luſt, but for poſteritie.
 And when I am wed, I'll never iealous bee,
 But make her learne how to be chaſt by mee.
 And be her face what 'twill, I'll thinke her faire
 If ſhee within the houſe confine her care.
 If modeſt in her words and cloths ſhee bee,
 Not daub'd with pride and prodigalitie.
 If with her neighbours ſhee maintaines no ſtrife,
 And beare her ſelfe to me a faithfull wife,
 I'de rather unto ſuch a one be wed
 Then claſpe the choiceſt *Helen* in my bed.
 Yet though ſhee were an Angell my affection
 Should only love, not dote on her perfection.

An Elegie.

Love, give me leave to ſerve thee, and be wiſe
 To keepe thy torch in, but reſtore blind eyes.

G 2

I will.

I will a flame into my bosome take,
 That Martyrs Court when they embrace the stake:
 Not dull, and smoakie fires, but heat divine,
 That burnes not to consume, but to refine.
 I have a Mistresse for perfections rare
 In every eye, but in my thoughts most faire.
 Like Tapers on the Altar shine her eyes;
 Her breath is the perfume of Sacrifice.
 And where soe're my fancy would begin,
 Still her perfection lets religion in.
 I touch her like my Beads with devout care;
 And come unto my Courtship as my Praier.
 Wee sit, and talke, and kisse away the houres,
 As chastly as the morning dewes kisse flowers.
 Goe wanton Lover spare thy sighs and teares,
 Put on the Livery which thy dotage weares,
 And call it Love, where heresie gets in
 Zeal's but a coale to kindle greater sin.
 Wee weare no flesh, but one another greet,
 As blessed soules in separation meet.
 Wer't possible that my ambitious sin,
 Durst commit rapes upon a *Cherubin*,
 I might have lustfull thoughts to her, of all
 Earths heav'nly Quire the most Angelicall.
 Looking into my brest, her forme I find
 That like my Guardian-Angell keeps my mind
 From rude attempts; and when affections stirre,
 I calme all passions with one thought of her.
 Thus they whose reasons love, and not their sence,
 The spirits love: thus one Intelligence

Reflects

Reflects upon his like, and by chaste loves
 In the same spheare this and that Angell moves.
 Nor is this barren Love; one noble thought
 Begets an other, and that still is brought
 To bed of more; vertues and grace increase,
 And such a numerous issue ne're can cease.
 Where Children, though great blessings, only bee
 Pleasures repriv'd to some posteritie.
 Beasts love like men, if men in lust delight,
 And call that Love which is but appetite.
 When essence meets with essence, and soules joyne
 In mutuall knots, thats the true Nuptall twine:
 Such Lady is my Love, and such is true;
 All other Love is to your Sexe, not You.

*An Apologie for his false Prediction that his
 Aunt Lane would be deliver'd of a Sonne.*

Μάτις ἀεισος ὅς τις ἐκείνη γαλῶς.

The best Prophets are but good Gueffers.

ARe then the *Sibils* dead? what is become
 Of the lowd Oracles? are the Augurs dumber?
 Live not the *Magi* that so oft reveald
 Natures intents? is Gipsisme quite repeald?
 Is *Friar Bacon* nothing but a name?
 Or is all witchcraft braind with Doctor *Lambe*?
 Does none the learned *Bungies* soule inherit?
 Has Madam *Davers* dispossess'd her spirit?

Or will the Welchmen give me leave to say
 There is no faith in *Merline*: none, though they
 Dare sweare each letter creed, and pawne their blood
 He prophesied, an age before the flood,
 Of holy *Dee*; which was, as some have said,
 Ten generations ere the Arke was made.
 All your predictions but Impostures are,
 And you but prophecy of things that were.

And you Cœlestiall Iuglers that pretend
 You are acquainted with the starres, and send
 Your spyes to search what's done in every spheare,
 Keeping your state intelligencers there.
 Your art is all deceit; for now I see
 Against the Rules of deepe Astrologie,
 Girles may be got when *Mars* his power doth vaunt,
 And boyes when *Venus* is Predominant.
 Nor doth the Moone though moist and cold shee bee
 Alwaies at full work to produce the shee:
 Had this been true I had foretold no lie,
 It was the Art was in the wrong, not I.
 Thence I so dully err'd in my beleife,
 As to mistake an *Adam* for an *Eve*:
 O grosse mistake, and in the civill pleas
Error Personæ, Mr Doctor sayes,
 And may admit divorce, but farewell now
 You hungry star-fed Tribe, hence forth I vow
Talmud, *Albumazar*, and *Ptolomie*,
 With *Erra-Pater* shall no Gospell bee.
 Nor will I ever after this I sweare
 Throw Dice upon the shepherds Calender.

But

But why doe I t' excuse my Ignorance
Lay blame upon the Art? no, no, perchance
I have lost all my skill: for well I know
My Physiognomie two years agoe
By the small Pox was mar'd, and it may bee
A fingers losse hath spoild my Palmistry.

But why should I a grosse mistake confesse?
No I am confident I did but guesse
The very truth: it was a male child then,
But Aunt you staid till 'twas a wench agen.
To see th' unconstancy of humane things,
How little time great Alteration brings!
All thing are subject unto change we know,
And if all things, then why not sexes too?
Tyresias we read a man was borne
Yet after did into a woman turne;
Levinus a Physitian of great fame,
Reports that one at *Paris* did the same.
And devout Papists say certaine it is,
One of their Popes by Metamorphosis
Indur'd the same; else how could *Ioan* be heire
To the succession of *Saint Peters* chaire.
So I at *Chairing crosse* have beheld one
A statue cut out of the *Parian* stone
To figure great *Alcides*, which when well
The Artist saw it was not like to sell;
He takes his chissell, and away he pares
Part of his sinewy neck, shaving the haire
Of his rough beard and face, smoothing the brow,
And making that looke amorous; which but now

Stood

Stood wrinkled with his anger; from his head
 He poles the shaggy locks, that had o're spread
 His brawny shoulders with a fleece of haire,
 And workes instead more gentle tresses there.
 And thus his skill exactly to expresse,
 Soone makes a *Venus* of an *Hercules*.

And can it then impossible appeare,
 That such a change as this might happen here.
 For this cause therefore (Gentle Aunt) I pray
 Blame not my Prophecy, but your delay.

But this will not excuse me; that I may
 Directly cleare my selfe, there is no way
 Vnlesse the Iesuits will to me impart
 The secret depth of their mysterious art.
 Who from their halting Patriot learne to frame
 A Crutch for every word that fals out lame.
 That can the subtle difference discry
 Betwixt æquivocation and a lie.
 And a rare scape by sly distinction find
 To sweare the Tongue, and yet not sweare the mind. O
 Now arm'd with Arguments I nothing dread,
 But my own cause thus confidently plead.

I said there was a boy with in your wombe,
 Not actually, but one in time to come,
 Or by *Antiphrasis* my words might bee
 That ever understands the contrary;
 Or when I said you should a man-child beare,
 You understood me of the sexe I feare,
 When I did meane the mind; and thus define
 A woman but of spirit masculine.

Or had I said it should a girle have been
 And it had prov'd a boy you should have seen
 Mee solve it thus; I meant a boy by fate,
 But one that would have been effeminate.
 Or thus I had my just excuse begun,
 I said my Aunt would surely bring a sonne
 If not a daughter; what we seers foresee
 Is certaine truth unlesse it falshood bee.
 Or I affirme because shee brought forth one
 That will bring boyes; shee hath brought forth a sonne!
 For doe not we call Father *Adam* thus,
 Because that he got those that have got us.
 What ere I said by simple Affirmation,
 I meant the right by mentall reservation.

An Epithalamium to Mr. F. H.

Franke, when this Morn the harbinger of day
 Blush'd from her Easterne pillow where shee lay,
 Clasp'd in her *Tythons* arms red with those kisses
 Which being injoy'd by night, by day shee misses:
 I walk'd the feilds to see the teeming earth,
 Whose wombe now swells to give the flowers a birth.
 Where while my thoughts with every object rane,
 In severall contemplations rapt my braine,
 A suddaine lustre like the Sunne did rise,
 And with too great a light eclips'd mine eyes.
 At last I spyed a Beauty, such another,

H

As.

As I have sometimes heard call thee her Brother,
 But by the chariot, and hence came of Doves,
 I guesst her to be *Venus*, Queene of Loves.
 With her a pretty boy I there did see,
 But for his wings I had thought it had been thee.
 At last when I beheld his quiver of darts,
 I knew t'was *Cupid* Emperour of our hearts.
 Thus I accosted them, Goddesse divine,
 Great Queene of *Paphos* and *Cytherian* shrine:
 Whose Altars no man sees that can depart
 Till in those flames he sacrifice his heart.
 That conquerst Gods, and men, and heaven divine,
 Yea and hell too: Beare witnesse *Proserpine*:
 And *Cupid*, thou that canst thy Trophies show
 Over all these, and o're thy Mother too;
 Witnesse the night which when with *Mars* shee lay,
 Did all her sports to all the Gods betray:
 Tell me great Powers, what makes such glorious beams
 Visit the lowly banks of *Ninus* streams?
 Then *Venus* smil'd, and smiling bid me know:
Cupid and shee must both to *Weston* goe.
 I guesst the cause; for *Hymen* came behind
 In saffron robes, his Nuptiall knots to bind.
 Then thus I pray'd: Great *Venus* by the Love
 Of thy *Adonis*; as thou hop'st to move
 Thy *Mars* to second kisses; and obtaine
 Beauties reward, the Golden fruit againe:
 Bow thy faire eares to my chaste prayers, and take
 Such Orisons as purest Love can make.
 Thou, and thy boy I know are posting thither

To

To tye pure hearts in purest bonds together,
Cupid thou know'st the maid: I have seene thee lyell
 With all thy arrowes lurking in her eye.
Venus thou know'st her love, for I have seene
 The time thou would'st have faine her Rivall been.
 O blesse them both! Let their affections meet
 With happy omens in the Geniall sheet.
 Both comely, beauteous both, both equall faire,
 Thou canst not glory in a fitter paire.
 I would not thus have praid if I had seen
 Fourscore and ten, wed to a young fifteen.
 Death in such Nuptials seems with love to play,
 And Ianuary seems to match with May:
 Autumne to wed the Spring; Frost to desire
 To kisse the Sun; Ice to embrace the fire.
 Both these are young, both sprightfull, both compleat,
 Of equall moisture, and of equall heat:
 And their desires are one; were all Loves such
 Who would love solitary sheets so much?
 Virinity (whereof chaste fooles doe boast;
 A thing not known what, 'tistill it be lost)
 Let others praise; for me I cannot tell
 What vertue, 'tis to lead Baboons in hell.
 Woman is one with man when shee is brided;
 The same in kind, only in sexe divided.
 Had all dy'd maids, we had been nothing then;
Adam had been the first, and last of men.
 How none O *Venus* then thy power had seen?
 How then in vaine had *Cupids* arrowes been?
 My selfe whose coole thoughts feelee no hot desires,

That serve not *Venus* flames, but *Vestas* fires;
 Had I not vow'd the cloysters, to confine
 My selfe to no more wives then only nine
Parnassus brood; those that heare *Phœbus* sing,
 Bathing their naked limbs in *Thespian* spring.
 I'de rather bee an Owle of Birds, then one
 That is the *Phoenix* if shee live alone.
 Two is the first of numbers; one naught can doe,
 One then is good, when one is made of two.
 Which mistery is thine great *Venus*, thine;
 Thy union can two soules in one combine.
 Now by that power I charge thee bleesse the sheets
 With happy issue where this couple meets.
 The maid's a *Harvy*, one that may compare
 With fruit *Hesperian*, or the Dragons care.
 Her Love a *Ward*; not he that awed the seas,
 Frighting the fearefull *Hamadryades*,
 That Ocean terror, he that durst outbrave
 Dread *Neptunes* Trident, *Amphitrites* wave.
 This *Ward* a milder Pirat sure will prove,
 And only sailes the *Hellespont* of Love,
 As once *Leander* did; his theft is best
 That nothing steales but whats within the brest.
 Yet let that other *Ward* his thefts compare,
 And ransack all his treasures, let him beare
 The wealth of worlds, the bowels of the *West*
 And all the richest treasures of the *East*.
 The sands of *Tagus*, all *Pactolus* ore,
 With both the *Indies*; yet this one gets more
 At once by Love; then he by force could get,

Or ravish from the Marchants; let him set
 His Ores together; let him vainely boast
 Offspices snatch'd from the *Canary* coast;
 The Gummes of *Egypt*, or the *Tyrian* fleece
 Died in his Native purple, with what *Greece*,
Colchos, *Arabia*, or proud *China* yeilds,
 With all the Metals in *Guiana* feilds.
 When this has set all forth to boast his pride
 In various pompe; this other brings his Bride,
 And I'll be judg'd by all judicious eyes,
 If shee alone prove not the richer prize.
 O let not death have power their Love to sever!
 Let them both love, and live and die together.
 O let their beds be chaste; and banish thence
 As well all Icalousies, as all offence!
 For some men I have known, whose wives have been
 As chaste as Ice: such as were never seen
 In wanton dalliance, such as untill death
 Never smelt any, but their husbands breath.
 Yet the Good-man still dream'd of hornes, still fearing
 His forehead would grow harder; still appearing
 To his own fancy, bull, or stagge, or more,
 Or Oxe at least, that was an Ass before.
 If shee would have new cloaths; he streight will feare
 Shee loves a Taylour; if shee sad appeare
 Hee guessees soone it is cause he's at home.
 If jocund, sure shee has some freind to come.
 If shee be sick, he thinkes no greife shee felt,
 But wishes all Physitians had been guelt.
 But aske her how shee does, sets him a swearing,

Feeling her pulse, is love tricks past the bearing.
 Poore wretched wife, shee cannot looke a wry
 But without doubt 'tis flat adultery.

And jealous wives there be, that are afraid
 To entertaine a handsome Chamber-maid.
 Farre, farre from them be all such thoughts I pray,
 Let their Loves prove eternall, and no day
 Adde date to their affections, grant (ô Queene)
 Their Loves like nuptiall bayes be alwaies greene.
 And also grant---But here shee bid me stay,
 For well shee knew what I had else to say.
 I ask'd no more, wish'd her hold on her race
 To joyne their hands, and send them night apace.
 Shee smil'd to heare what I in sport did say,
 So whip'd her doves and smiling rid away.

To Mr Feltham on his booke of Resolves.

IN this unconstant Age when all mens minds
 In various change strive to outvie the winds,
 When no man sets his foot upon the square,
 But treads on globes and circles; when we are
 The Apes of Fortune, and desire to bee
 Revolved on as fickle wheelles as shee.
 As if the planets, that our rulers are,
 Made the soules motion too irregular.
 When minds change oftner then the *Greek* could dream,
 That made the Metempseucol'd soule his theame;

Yea

Yea oft to beastly fornes: when truth to say
Moons change but once a month, we twice a day.
When none resolves but to be rich, and ill;
Or else resolves to be irresolute still.
In such a tide of minds, that every houre
Doe ebbe and flow; by what inspiring power,
By what instinct of grace I cannot tell,
Dost thou resolve so much, and yet so well?
While foolish men whose reason is their sence,
Still wander in the worlds circumference:
Thou holding passions raines with strictest hand
Dost firme and fixed in the Center stand.
Thence thou art settled, others while they tend
To rove about the circle find no end.
Thy booke I read, and read it with delight,
Resolving so to live as thou dost wright.
And yet I guesse thy life thy booke produces,
And but expresse thy peculiar uses.
Thy manners dictate, thence thy writing came,
So *Lesbians* by their worke their rules doe frame,
Not by the rules the worke, thy life had been
Patterne enough, had it of all been seen,
Without a book; books make the difference here,
In them thou liv'st the same but every where.
And this I guesse, though th' art unknown to me,
By thy chaste writing; else it could not bee
(Dissemble ne so well) but here and there
Some tokens of that plague would soone appeare;
Oft lurking in the skin a secret gout
In books would sometimes blister, and breake out.

Con.

Contagious finnes in which men take delight
Must needs infect the paper when they write.

But let the curious eyes of *Lyneus* look
Through every nerve, and finew of this book,
Of which 'tis full: let the most diligent mind
Prie thorough it, each sentence he shall find
Season'd with chaste, not with an itching salt,
More favouring of the *Lampe*, then of the malt.
But now too many thinke noe wit divine,
None worthy life, but whose luxurious line
Can ravish Virgins thoughts. And is it fit
To make a pandar, or a baud of wit?

But tell'em of it, in contempt they look,
And aske in scorne if you would geld their book.
As if th' effeminate braine could nothing doe
That should be chaste, and yet be masculine too.
Such books as these (as they themselves indeed
Truly confesse) men doe not praise, but read.
Such idle books, which if perchance they can
Better the braine, yet they corrupt the man.
Thou hast not one bad line so lustfull bred
As to dye maid, or Matrons cheeke in red.
Thy modest wit, and wirtty honest letter
Makes both at once my wit, and me the better.
Thy book a Garden is, and helpes us most
To regaine that, which wee in *Adam* lost.
Where on the Tree of knowledge wee may feed,
But such as no forbidden fruits doth breed. (frame,
Whose leaves like those whence *Eve* her coat did
Serve not to cover, but to cure our shame.

Fraught

Fraught with all flowers, not only such as grows
 To please the eye, or to delight the nose.
 But such as may redeeme lost healths againe,
 And store of Hellebore to purge the braine.
 Such as would cure the surfet man did take
 From *Adams Apples*: such as faine would make
 Mans second Paradise, in which should bee
 The fruits of life, but no forbidden Tree.
 It is a Garden; ha' I thus did say:
 And maids, and Matrons blushing runne away.
 But maids reenter these chaste pleasing bowers;
 Chaste Matrons here gather the purest flowers.
 Feare not: from this pure Garden doe not flye,
 In it doth no obseane *Priapus* lye.
 This is an *Eden* where no serpents bee;
 To tempt the womans imbecillitie.
 These lines rich sap the fruit to heaven doth raise;
 Nor doth the Cinnamon barke deserve lesse praise;
 I meane the stile, being pure and strong and round,
 Not long but *Pythy*: being short breath'd, but sound.
 Such as the grave, acute, wise *Seneca* sings,
 That best of Tutour to the worst of kings.
 Not long and empty; lofty but not proud;
 Subtle but sweet, high but without a cloud.
 Well seled full of nerves, in breife 'tis such
 That in a little hath comprized much,
 Like th' *Iliads* in a Nutshell: And I say
 Thus much for stile; though truth should not bee gay.
 In strumpets glittering robes, yet ne' rethelisse
 Shee well deserves a Matrons comelineffe.

I

Being

Being too brave shee would our fancies glut;
 But we should loath her being too much the flut.
 The reasonable soule from heaven obtain'd
 The best of bodies; and that man hath gain'd
 A double praise; whose noble vertues are
 Like to the face, in soule and body faire.
 Who then would have a noble sentence clad;
 In russet-thread bare words, is full as mad
 As if *Apelles* should so fondly dote,
 As to paint *Venus* in old *Baucys* coat.
 They erre that would bring stile so basely under;
 The lofty language of the Law was thunder.
 The wisest pothecary knows 'tis skill
 Neatly to candy o're the wholesome pill.
 Best Physique then, when gall with sugar meets;
 Tempring *Asbinthian* bitterneffe with sweets.
 Such is thy sentence, such thy stile, being read
 Men see them both together happ'ly wed.
 And so resolve to keepe them wed, as we
 Resolve to give them to posteritie.
 'Mongst thy resolves put my resolves in too;
 Resolve who's will, thus I resolve to doe:
 That should my errors choose anothers line
 Whereby to write, I meane to live by thine.

In Natalem Augustissimi Principis Caroli.

Primatibi perit soboles (dilecta Maria.)
 Elusitq; uterum maesta Diana tuum.

IBNE

*Tunc Cælo, nunc & terris faunda fuisti,
Quæ potes & reges & peperisti deos.*

Thy first birth *Mary* was unto a tombe,
And sad *Lucina* cheated thy blest wombe.
To heav'n thou then wert fruitfull, now o earth,
That canst give Saints as well as Kings a birth.

Vpon his Picture.

When age hath made me what I am not now;
And every wrinkle tells me where the plow
Of time hath furrowed; when an Ice shall
Through every vein, and all my head wear snow: (flow
When death displays his coldnesse in my cheek,
And I, my selfe in my owne Picture seeke.
Not finding what I am, but what I was;
In doubt which to beleive, this, or my glasse:
Yet though I alter, this remains the same
As it was drawne, retains the primitive frame,
And first complexion, here will still be seen
Blood on the cheek, and Downe upon the chin.
Here the smooth brow will stay, the lively eye,
The ruddy Lip, and haire of youthfull dye.
Behold what frailty we in man may see,
Whose Shaddow is lesse given to change then hee.

*An Ode to Mr Anthony Stafford to hasten
him into the Country,*

Come spurre away,
I have no patience for a longer stay;
But must goe downe,
And leave the chargeable noise of this great Towne.
I will the country see,
Where old simplicity,
Though hid in gray
Doth looke more gay
Then foppery in plush and scarlat clad.
Farewell you City-wits that are
Almost at Civill warre; (mad;
'Tis time that I grow wise, when all the world grows
More of my dayes
I will not spend to gaine an Idiots praise;
Or to make sport
For some slight Punie of the Innes of Court.
Then worthy *Stafford* say
How shall we spend the day.
With what delights,
Shorten the nights:
When from this tumult we are got secure;
Where mirth with all her freedome goes,

Yet

Yet shall no finger loose;
Where every word is thought, and every thought is. ^{(pure.}

There from the tree
Wee'l cherries plucke, and pick the strawbery.

And every day
Go see the wholesome Country Girles make hay.

whose browne hath loylier grace,

Then any painted face,

That I doe know

Hide-Parke can show.

Where I had rather gaine a kisse then meet

Though some of them in greater state

Might court my love with plate,

The beauties of the *Cheape*, and wives of *Lumbardstreet*:

But thinke upon:

Some other pleasures, these to me are none,

Why doe I prate

Of woemen, that are things against my fate.

I never meane to wed,

That torture to my bed.

My Muse is shee

My Love shall bee.

Let Clownes get wealth, and heires; when I am gone,

And the great Bugbeare grisly death.

Shall take this idle breath,

If I a Poem leave, that Poem is my Sonne.

Of this no more;
 Wee'l rather tast the bright *Pomona's* store.
 No fruit shall scape
 Our pallats, from the damfen, to the grape.
 Then full we'l seek a shade,
 And heare what musique's made;
 How *Philomell*
 Her tale doth tell:
 And how the other Birds doe fill the quire;
 The Thrush and Blackbird lend their throats
 warbling melodious notes;
 Wee will all sports enjoy, which others but desire:

Ours is the skie,
 Whereat what fowle we please our Hauke shall flye;
 Nor will we spare
 To hunt the crafty foxe, or timorous hare,
 But let our hounds runne loose
 In any ground they'l choose,
 The Bucke shall fall,
 The stagge and all:
 Our pleasures must from their owne warrants bee,
 For to my *Muse*, if not to mee,
 I'me sure all game is free;
 Heaven, Earth, are all but parts of her great Royalty.

And when we meane
 To tast of *Bacchus* blessings now and then,
 And drinke by stealth
 A cup or two to noble *Barkleys* health.

I'll take my pipe and try
 The *Phrygian* melody;
 Which he that heares
 Lets through his eares
 A madnesse to distemper all the braine.
 Then I another pipe will take
 And *Dorique* musique make,
 To Civilize with graver notes our wits againe.

*An answer to M^r Ben Iohnson's Ode to per-
 swade him not to leave the stage;*

BEn doe not leave the stage
 Cause 'tis a loathsome age;
 For Pride, and Impudence will grow too bold;
 When they shall heare it told
 They frighted thee: stand high as is thy cause,
 Their hisse is thy applause.
 More just were thy disdaine,
 Had they appov'd thy vaine,
 So thou for them, and they for thee were borne,
 They to incense, and thou as much to scorne.

Wilt thou engrosse thy store
 Of wheat, and powre no more,
 Because their Bacon-braines have such a tast
 As more delight in mast:
 No; ser'em forth a board of dainties, full

As

As thy best Muse can cull;
 While they the while doe pine
 And thirst, midst all their wine.
 What greater plague can hell it selfe devise,
 Then to be willing thus to rantalize?

Thou canst not find them stufte
 That will be bad enough
 To please their pallats; let 'em thine refuse
 For some Pye-corner Muse;
 Shee is to faire an hostesse, 'twere a sinne
 For them to like thine *Inne*:
 'Twas made to entertaine,
 Guests of a nobler straine,
 Yet if they will have any of thy store,
 Give 'em some scraps, and send them from thy dore.

And let those things in plush,
 Till they be taught to blush
 Like what they will, and more contented bee
 With what *Broome* swept from thee.
 I know thy worth, and that thy lofty straines
 Write not to clothes but Braines:
 But thy great spleene doth rise
 Cause moles will have no eyes;
 This only in my *Ben*, I faulty find
 He's angry, they 'le not see him that are blind.

Why should the Scene be Mute
 Cause thou canst touch a Lute

And

And string thy *Horace*? let each Muse of nine
 Claime thee, and say thou art mine.
 'Twer fond to let all other flames expire
 To sitt by *Pindar*'s fire:
 For by so strange neglect,
 I should my selfe suspect
 The Palsie were as well, thy braines disease;
 If they could shake thy Muse which way they please.

And though thou well canst sing,
 The glories of thy King;
 And on the wings of verse his chariot beare
 To heaven, and fixe it there:
 Yet let thy Muse as well some raptures raise,
 To please him, as to praise.
 I would not have thee choose
 Only a treble Muse;
 But have this envious, ignorant Age to know,
 Thou that canst sing so high, canst reach as low.

A Dialogue, Thirsis. Lalage.

Th. **M**Y *Lalage* when I behold
 So greata cold,
 And not a spark of heat in thy desire,
 I wonder what strange power of thine,
 Kindles in mine
 So bright a flame, and such a burning fire.

K

Can

- Lalag.* Can *Thirsis* in Philosophy
 A truant bee,
 And not have learn'd the power of the Sun?
 How he to sublunary things
 A favour brings,
 Yet in him selfe is subject unto none?
Th. But why within thy eyes appeare
 Never a teare,
 That cause from mine perpetuall showres to fall?
La. Foole 'tis the power of fire you know
 To melt the snow,
 Yet has no moisture in it selfe at all.
Th. How can I be (deare Virgin) show
 Both fire and snow?
 Doe you that are the cause, the reason tell;
 More then miracles to me
 It seemes to be,
 That so much heate with so much cold should dwell.
 The reason I will render thee;
La. Why both should bee.
 Audacious *Thirsis* in thy love too bold,
 'Cause thy lawcinesse durst aspire
 To such a fire,
 Thy love is hot; but 'tis thy hope is cold.
Th. Let pittie move thy gentle brest
 To one opprest;
 This way, or that, give ease to my desire;
 And either let Loves fire be lost
 In hopes cold frost,
 Or hopes cold frost be warm'd in loves quick fire.
 O neither

O neither Boy; neither of these
 Shall worke thy ease.
 I'le pay thy rashnesse with immortall paine,
 As hope doth strive to freeze thy flame,
 Love melts the same:
 As Love doth melt it, Hope doth freez't againe.
 Come gentle swaines lend me a groane
 To ease my moane.
 Ah cruell Love how great a power is thine?
 Vnder the Poles although we lye
 Thou mak'st us frye:
 And thou canst make us freeze beneath the line.

Chorus.

A Dialogue betwixt a Nymph and a Shepherd.

Nymp. **W**Hy sigh you swain? this passion is not cōmon;
 I'ft for your kids, or Lambkins? *Sh:* For a wo-
Nymp. How faire is shee that on so sage a brow (man
 Prints lowring looks? *Shep:* Iust such a toy as thou.
Nymp. Is shee a maid? *Sh:* what man can answer that? (what.
Nymp. Or widdow? *Sh:* No. *Nym:* what then? *Sh:* I know not
 Saint-like shee lookes, a *Syren* if shee sing.
 Her eyes are starres, her mind is every thing.
Nymp. If shee be fickle, Shepherd leave to wooe
 Or fancy mee. *Sh:* No thou art woman too;
 But I am constant. *Sh:* Then thou art not faire.
 Bright as the morning. *Sh:* Wavering as the Ayre.
Nymp. What grows upon this cheeke? *Sh:* A pure Carnation.
 Come

Nym. Come tast a kisse *Sh.* O sweet, ô sweet Temptation!

Cho. Ah Love, and canst thou never loose the feild?
Where *Cupid* layes a seige, the towne must yeild.
Hee warms the chiller blood with glowing fire,
And thaws the Icy frost of cold desire.

A Pastorall Ode.

COy *Cælia* dost thou see
Y on hollow mountaine tottering o're the plaine,
O're which a fatall Tree
With treacherous shade betrays the sleepey swaine?
Beneath it is a Cell,
As full of horror as my brest of care,
Ruine therein might dwell;
As a fit roome for guilt and black dispaire.
Thence will I headlong throw
This wretched weight, this heape of misery;
And in the dust below,
Bury my Carcasfe, and the thought of thee:
Which when I finish'd have,
O hate me dead, as thou hast done alive;
And come not neare my grave:
Least I take heat from thee, and so revive.

A Song

A Song.

MVsick thou Queene of soules, get up and string
Thy pow'rful Lute, and some sad requiem sing,
Till Rocks requite thy *Eccho* with a groane:
And the dull cliffs repeate the duller tone:
Then on a suddaine with a nimble hand
Runne gently o're the Chordes, and so command
The Pine to dance, the Oake his Roers forgoe,
The holme and aged Elme to foot it too;
Mirtles shall caper, lofty Cedars runne;
And call the Courtly Palme to make up one;
Then in the midst of all their lolly traine,
Strike a sad note; and fixe'em Trees againe.

The Song of Discord.

LEt *Linus* and *Amphions* lute,
With *Orpheus* citterne now be mute.
The harshett voice the sweetest note;
The Raven has the choicest throate.
A set of Frogs a quire for mee,
The Mandrake shall the Chaunter bee.
Where neither voice, nor tunes agree;
This is discords Harmonie.

Thus had *Orpheus* learn'd to play,
The following Trees had run away.

To one Overhearing his private discourse.

I Wonder not my *Leda* farre can see,
Since for her eyes shee might an Eagle bee,
And dare the Sun; but that shee heares so well
As that shee could my private whisperings tell,
I stand amaz'd; her eares are not so long,
That they could reach my words; hence then it sprung:
Love overhearing fled to her bright eare,
Glad he had got a tale to whisper there.

Epigram: 47 ex decimo Libro Martialis,

T Hese are things that being posselt
Will make a life that's truly blest:
Estate bequeath'd, not got with toyle;
A good hot fire, a gratefull soyle;
No strife, warme clothes, a quiet soule;
A strength intire, a body whole.
Prudent Symplicity, equall freinds,
A diet that no Art commends.
A night not drunke, and yet secure;
A bed not sad, yet chaste and pure.

Long

Long sleepes to make the nights but short,
 A will to be but what thou art.
 Nought rather choose; contented lye,
 And neither feare, nor wish to dye.

In Grammaticum Eunuchum.

Grammaticam Diodore doces Eunuchè puellus,
 Credo Solacismum tu Diodore facis,
 Cum sis exectus quàm nec Sporus ille Neronis,
 Nec mersus liquidis Hermaphroditus aquis.
 Non tibi sava unam liquère noracula testem;
 Propria quæ maribus cur Diodore legis?
 Quæ genus aut sexum variant, Heteroclyta tantum
 Posthac si sapias tu Diodore legas.

To the Vertuous and noble Lady, the Lady Cotton.

TIs not to force more teares from your sad eye,
 That we write thus; that were a Piety
 Turn'd guilt and sinne; we only beg to come
 And pay due tribute to his sacred tombe.
 The muses did divide his Love with you,
 And justly therefore may be mourners too.
 Instead of Cypresse, they have brought fresh Baies
 To crowne his Vrne, and every dirge is Praise.

But

But since with him the learned tongues are gone,
Necessity here makes us use our owne.
Read, in his praise your owne, you cannot misse;
For he was but our Wonder, you were his.

*An Elegie on the death of that Renowned and
Noble Knight Sir Rowland Cotton
of Bellaport in Shropshire.*

RIch as was Cottons worth, I wish each line;
And every verse I breath like him, a Mine.
That by his vertues might created bee
A new strange miracle, wealth in Poetrie.
But that invention cannot sure be poore,
That but relates a part of his large store.
His youth began, as when the Sun doth rise
Without a Cloud, and clearly trots the skies.
And whereas other youths commended bee
From conceiv'd Hopes; his was maturitie.
Where other springs boast blossoms fairely blowne,
His was a harvest, and had fruits full growne.
So that he seem'd a *Nestor* here to raigne
In wisdom, *Aeson*-like, turn'd young againe.
This, Royall *Henry*, whose majestique eye
Saw thorough men, did from his court descrye,
And thither call'd him, and then fix'd him there
One of the prime starres in his glorious spheare.
And (Princely Master) witnesse this with mee,

Hee

He liv'd not there to serve himselfe but thee,
No Silk-worme Courtier such as study there
First how to get their cloaths, then how to weare.
And though in favour high, he ne're was known
To promote others suits to pay for's own.
He valued more his Master, and knew well,
To use his Love was noble, base to sell.
Many there be live in the Court we know
To serve for Pageants, and make up the show,
And are not serviceable there at all
But now and then at some great Festivall.
He serv'd for nobler use, the secret cares
Of common-wealths, and mystique State affaires;
And when great Henry did his Maxims heare,
He wore him as a Jewell in his Eare.
Yet short he came not, nay he all out-went
In what some call a Courtiers complement.
An Active body that in subtile wise
Turnes pliable to any exercise.
For when he leapt, the people dar'd to say
He was borne all of fire, and wore no clay.
Which was the cause too that he wrestled so,
'Tis not fires nature to be kept below.
His course he so perform'd with nimble pace,
The time was not perceiv'd measur'd the race.
As it were true that some late Artists say,
The Earth mov'd too, and run the other way.
All so soone finish'd, when the match was wonne
The Gazers by ask'd why they not begunne.
When he in masque us'd his harmonious feet,

L

The

The Spears could not in comeliest order meet; but
 Nor move more grassefull, whether they advanc'd
 Their measures forward; or retire their dance.
 There he have seen him in our Henry's Court
 The glory and the envy of that sport
 And capring like a constellation rise;
 Having fixt upon him all the Ladies eyes.
 But these in him I would not vertues call;
 But that the world must know, that he had all.
 When Henry dy'd (our universall woey
 Willing was *Caton* to dye with him too;
 And as neare death he came as neare could bee,
 Himselfe he buried in obscuritie,
 Entomb'd within his study walls, and there
 Only the Dead his conversation were.
 Yet was he not alone, for every day
 Each Muse came thither with her sprig of Bay.
 The Graces round about him did appeare;
 The Genii of all Nations all met there.
 And while immur'd he sat thus close at home,
 To him the wealth of all the world did come.
 He had a language to salute the Sunne;
 Where he unharnest, and where 'steame beganne.
 The tongues of all the East to him were known
 As Naturall, as they were borne his own.
 Which from his mouth so sweetly did intice,
 As with their language he had mix'd their spice.
 In Greeke so fluent, that with it compare
 Th' Athenian Olives; and they saplesse are.
 Rome did submit her Ensignes; and confesse

Her

Her *Tully* might talke more, and yet speake lesse.
 All Sciences were lodg'd in his large brest,
 And in that Pallace thought themselves so blest.
 They never meant to part, but he should bee
 Sole Monarch, and dissolve their *Heptarchie*.
 But ô how vaine is mans fraile *Harmonie*!
 We all are swannes, he that sings best must die.
 Death knowledge nothing makes, when we come there,
 We need no Language, nor Interpreter.
 Who would not laugh at him now, that should seeke
 In *Cotton*'s Vrne for Hebrew or for Greeke?
 But his more heav'nly graces with him yet
 Live constant, and about him circled sit
 A bright Retinue, and on each fals downie
 A robe of Glory, and on each a Crowne.

Then Madam (though you have a losse sustain'd
 Both infinite, and ne're to be regain'd
 Here in this world) dry your sad eyes, once more
 You shall againe enter the Nuptiall dore
 A sprightly bride; where you shall clothed bee
 In garments weav'd of Immortalitie.
 Nor greive because he left you not a Sonne,
 To Image *Cotton* forth now he is gone.
 For it had been a wrong to his great Name
 T' have liv'd in any thing but Heaven, and Fame.

Ansonii Epigram 38.

SHee which would not I would choose:
 Shee which would I would refuse.

Venus could my mind but tame;
 But not satisfie the same;
 Inticements offer'd I despise,
 And deny'd I slightly prize.
 I would neither glut my mind,
 Nor yet too much torment find.
 Twice girt *Diana* doth not take mee,
 Nor *Venus* naked joyfull make mee.
 The first no pleasure hath to joy mee,
 And the last enough to cloy mee.
 But a crafty wench I'd have
 That can sell the act I crave.
 And joyne at once in me the set two;
 I will, and yet I will not doe.

On the Death of a Nightingale.

Goe solitary wood, and henceforth be
 Acquainted with no other Harmonie,
 Then the Pyes chattering, or the shrieking note
 Of bodeing Owles, and farall Ravens throate.
 Thy sweetest Chanters dead, that warbled forth
 Layes, that might tempests calme, and still the North;
 And call downe Angels from their glorious Spheare
 To heare her Songs, and learne new Anthems there.
 That soule is fled, and to *Elisium* gone;
 Thou a poore desert left; goe then and runne,
 Begge there to stand a grove, and if shee please
 To sing againe beneath thy shadowy Trees;

The

The foules of happy Lovers crown'd with blisses
Shall flock about thee, and keepe time with kisses.

In filium Manlii insepultum.

IN terrâ conditæ vetuit Pater improbus, at Te
In tumula patitur nobiliore regi.
Pars canis est tumuli, tumuli pars altera Tigris,
Alterâ pars Lupus est, & Leo forsânerit.
Marmoreos Regum tumulos contemne, sepulchra
Sunt aliis tantum mortua, viva tibi.

Vpon the report of the King of Swedens Death.

I'Le not beleive 't, if fate should be so crosse
Nature would not be silent of her losse.
Can he be dead, and no portents appeare?
No pale Eclipse of th' sun to let us feare:
What we should suffer, and before his light
Put out, the world enveloped in Nighr?
What thundring torrents the flusht welkin tare?
What apparition kill'd him in the aire?
When *Cæsar* dy'd there were convulsion fits;
And nature seem'd to run out of her wits.
At that sad object *Tyber* bosome swell'd,
And scarce from drowning all, by *Iove* withheld.
And shall we give this mighty Conquerour
That in a great and a more holy warre,

Was pulling downe the Empire which he reard,
 A fall unmourn'd of Nature and untear'd,
 A death (unlesse the league of heav'n withstood)
 Lesse wept then with an universall flood:
 If I had seene a Comet in the aire
 With glorious eye, and bright dishevel'd haire,
 And on a suddaine with his gilded traine
 Drop downe; I should have said that *Sweden's* flaine,
 Shot like that starre, or if the earth had shooke
 Like a weake floore, the falling rooffe had broke;
 I should have said the mighty King is gone;
 Fel'd as the tallest tree in *Libanon*.
 Alasse if he were dead; we need no post,
 Verry instinct would tell us what we lost.
 And a chill damp (as at the generall doome) whome.
 Creepe through each brest and we should know for
 His *German* conquests are not yet compleat,
 And when they are, ther's more remaining yet.
 The world is full of sin, nor every Land
 O're growne with schisme hath felt his purging hand.
 The Pope is not confounded, and the Turke,
 Nor was he sure design'd for a lesse worke.
 But if our sinnes have stop'd him in the source,
 In mid'st Careere of his victorious course,
 And heaven would trust the dulnesse of our sence
 So farre, not to prepare us with portents.
 'Tis we that have the losse, and he hath caught
 His heav'nly garland e're his worke be wrought.
 But I, before I le undertake to greive
 So great a losse, will choose not to beleive.

On S^r Robert Cotton the Antiquary.

Posterity hath many fates bemoan'd,
But ages long since past for thee have groan'd.
Times Trophies thou didst rescue from the grave
Who in thy death a second buriall have.
Cotton, deaths conquest now compleat I see,
Who ne're had vanquish'd all things but in thee.

An Elegie.

Heav'n knowes my Love to thee, fed on desires
So hallowed, and unmixt with vulgar fires,
As are the purest beams shot from the Sun
At his full height, and the devotion
Of dying Martyrs could not burne more cleare,
Nor Innocence in her first robes appeare,
Whiter then our Affections, they did show
Like frost forc'd out of flames, and fire from snow,
So pure the Phoenix when shee did refine
Her age to youth, borrowed no flames but mine.
But now my daies o'recast, for I have now
Drawne Anger like a tempest o're the brow
Of my faire Mistresse, those your glorious eyes
Whence I was wont to see my day starre rise,
Threat like revengefull Meteors, and I feele
My torment, and my guilt double my hell.

Twasse

'Twas a mistake, and might have veniall been,
 Done to another, but it was made sin,
 And justly Mortall too by troubling Thee,
 Slight wrongs are treasons done to Majestie.
 O all yee blest Ghosts of deceased Loves,
 That now live Sainted in th' *Elisan* groves
 Mediate for mercy for me; at her Shrine
 Meet in full quire, and joyne your prayers with mine.
 Conjure her by the merits of your kisses,
 By your past sufferings and present blisses.
 Conjure her by your mutuall hopes, and feares;
 By all your intermixed sighes, and teares,
 To plead my pardon; goe to her and tell
 That you will walke the guardian sentinell,
 My soules safe Genii, that shee need not feare
 A mutinous thought, or one close rebell there.
 But what needs that, when shee alone sits there
 Sole Angell of that Orbe; in her owne spheare
 Alone shee sits, and can secure it free
 From all irregular motions, only shee
 Can give the balsome that must cure this sore;
 And the sweet Antidote to sin no more.

H' Εὐφροὺς ἡ πολὺν χρόνον ἡ μαυρὴ: *Arist.*

From witty men and mad
 All Poetry conception had.
 No fires but these will Poetry admit
 Madnesse or wit.

This

This definition Poetry doth fit,
 It is a witty madnesse, or mad wit.
 Only thesetwo Poetique heat admits,
 A witty man, or one that's out of's wits.

Ad Amicum Litigantem,

Would you commence a Poet Sr, and be
 A graduat in the thredbare mysterie?
 The Oxes ford will no man thither bring,
 Where the horse hooftè raisd the *Pegasian* spring.
 Nor will the bridge through which low *Cham* doth
 Direct you to the banks of *Helicon*. (runne,
 If in that art you meane to take degrees,
 Bedlam's the best of universities.
 There study it, and when you would no more
 A Poet be, goe drinke some Hellebore.
 Which drugge when I had tasted, soone I left
 The bare *Parnassus*, and the barren cleft;
 And can no more one of their Nation bee,
 Because recover'd of my lunacie.
 But you may then succeed me in my place
 Of Poet, no pretence to make your grace
 Denied you, for you goe to law, 'tis said,
 And then 'tista'ne for granted you are mad.

*Felicem Anticyram! nullos ibi credo Poetas
 Insanos tumido corde fovere modos.*
 Hanc

Hanc, fama est tantum sanos admittere cives.
 Exulat hinc vester, (turba molesta) furor!
 Nullus in hac Elegis, nullus jugulatur Iambis;
 Incola non Satyram, non Epigramma timet.
 Nullus in hac teneras recitator verberat aures;
 Non hic iudicium, non petit ille tuum.
 Non hic te Chloris, non hic laudata fatigat
 Cœlia; nulla tuam mordet hirundo cutem.
 Putida nec medias disrumpunt carmina mensas;
 Mucida nec quisquam vina legendo facit.
 Nusquam aliquis, terra securior errat, ob unum hoc
 Grates Helloboro quin agat ille suo.

In Corydonem & Corinnam.

A H miser, & nullo felix in amore! Corinnam,
 Cum rogat illa, negas; cum negat illa, rogas.
 Ambos arit Amor, quid sit felicitus: ambos arit
 Tempore non uno sed tamen arit amor.
 Cum flagras Corydon, frigescit fibra Corinnæ;
 Cum tua frigescit fibra, Corinna caleat.
 Cur aestas Corydonis hyems sit facta Corinnæ?
 Quid vè Corinnæ aestas sit Corydonis hyems?
 Unde ignis glaciem? glaciem unde efficit ignem?
 Desine crudeles, seu ve Cupido, jocos!
 Desine! sed nec te Corydonis tollere flammæ,
 Tollere nec castas Virginis ora nives.
 Vre duos, extingue duos, & pectus utrumq;
 Aut calor, aut teneat pectus utrumq; gelu.

Paræ.

Paraphras'd.

AH wretch inthy *Corinna's* love unblest!
 How strange a fancy doth torment thy brest?
 When shee desires to sport thou saist her nay;
 When shee denyes then thou desir'st to play.
 Love burnes you both. (O'tis a happy turne!)
 But 'tis at severall times love both doth burne.
 When scorching heat hath *Corydons* heart possesst,
 Then raignes a frost in cold *Corinnas* brest.
 And when a frost in *Corydon* doth raigne,
 Then is *Corinnas* brest on fire againe.
 Why then with *Corydon* is it summer prime,
 When with *Corinna* it is winter time?
 Or why should then *Corinnas* summer bee
 When it is winter *Corydon* with thee?
 Can Ice from fire, or fire from Ice proceed?
 Ah jest not Love in so severe a deed!
 I bid thee not *Corydons* flame to blow
 Cleane out; nor cleane to melt *Corinnas* snow.
 Burne both! freeze both! let mutuall Fervour hold
 His and her brest, or his and her's a cold.

Ad Bassum.

Nostri, (Basse) solent pretio conducere stultos
 Quos in deliciis Aulicus omnis habet.

At si quis cuperet sapientem vendere praco,
 Rarus erit minimo qui velit assere virum.
 Vsq; adeo nocet ingenium, tantoq; putatur
 Quo minus est cerebri, charius esse caput.
 Vnde tot ignari veneres? cur stultus amatur?
 Hei mihi! cur tansi non sapuisse fuit?
 Hac ratio est, paribus gaudet Venus atq; Cupido;
 Et nunquam similes non sibi ingit Amor.

To one admiring her selfe in a Looking-Glasse.

FAire Lady when you see the Grace
 Of Beauty in your Looking-Glasse:
 A stately forehead, smooth and high,
 And full of Princely Majesty.
 A sparkling eye no gemme so faire,
 Whose lustre dimmes the Cyprian starre.
 A glorious cheeke divinely sweet,
 Wherein both Roses kindly meet.
 A cherry Lip that would entice
 Even Gods to kisse at any price.
 You thinke no beauty is so rare
 That with your shaddow might compare.
 That your reflection is alone,
 The thing that men most dote upon.
 Madam, alas your Glasse doth lye,
 And you are much deceiv'd, for I
 A beauty know of richer grace.

(Sweet

(Sweet be not angry) 'tis your face.
 Hence then o learne more milde to bee,
 And leave to lay your blame on mee;
 If me your reall substance move;
 When you so much your Shaddow Love.
 Wise nature would not let your eye
 Looke on her owne bright majestie;
 Which had you once but gaz'd upon,
 You could, except your selfe, love none.
 What then you cannot love, let me,
 That face I can, you cannot see.

Now you have what to loue, you'l say:
 What then is left for me I pray?
 My face sweet hart if it please thee;
 That which you can, I cannot see:
 So either love shall gaine his due,
 Your's sweet in mee, and mine in you.

*An Eglogue occasion'd by two Doctors
 disputing upon predestination.*

Corydon.
HO jolly *Thirsis* whither in such hast?
 I'ft for a wager that you run so fast?
 Or past your houre below yon hawthorne tree?
 Does longing *Galatea* looke for thee?

Thirsis.
 No *Corydon*, I heard young *Daphnis* say.

M 3

Alexis

Alexis challeng'd *Tityrus* to day
Who best shall sing of Shepherds Art, and praise;
But hearken I heare'em, listen to their laies.

Tityrus.

Alexis read, what means this mystique thing;
An Ewe I had two lambs at once did bring:
Th' one black as Iett; the other white as snow:
Say in just providence how it could be so?

Alexis.

Will you *Pan's* goodnesse therefore partiall call,
That might as well have given thee none at all?

Tityrus.

Were they not both eand by the selfe same Ewe?
How could they merit then so different hue?
Poore lamb alas; and couldst thou, yet unborne,
Sin to deserve the Guilt of such a scorne?
Thou hadst not yet fowl'd a religious spring,
Nor fed on plots of hollowed grasse, to bring
Staines to thy fleece; nor browz'd upon a tree
Sacred to *Pan* or *Pales* Deitie.
The Gods are ignorant if they not foreknow;
And knowing, 'tis unjust to use thee so.

Alexis.

Tytir with me contend, or *Corydon*,
But let the Gods, and their high wills alone.
For in our flocks that freedome challenge wee,
This kid is sacrific'd, and that goes free.

Tityrus.

Feed where you will my Lambs, what boots it us
To watch, and water, fold, and drive you thus.

This

This on the barren mountaines flesh can gleane,
That fed in flowry pastures will be leane.

Alexis.

Plow, sowe, and compasse, nothing boots at all,
Vnlesse the dew upon the Tilt's doe fall.
So labour sylly shepheards what wee can
All's vaine, unlesse a blessing drop from Pan.

Tityrus.

Ill thrive thy Theves if thou these lyes maintaine:

Alexis.

And may thy Goats miscarry sawcy swaine.

Thyrsis.

Fie, Shepheards fie! while you these strifes begin,
Here creepes the wolfe; and there the fox gets in.
To your vaine piping on so deepe a reed
The Lambkins listen, but forget to feed.
It gentle swains befits of Love to sing,
How Love left heaven; and heav'n's immortall King,
His Coaternall Father. O admire,
Love is a Sonne as ancient as his fire.
His Mother was a Virgin: how could come
A birth so great, and from so chaste a wombe!
His cradle was a manger; Shepheards see
True faith delights in poore simplicitie.
He pres'd no grapes, nor prun'd the fruitfull vine;
But could of water make a brisker wine.
Nor did he plow the earth, and to his Barne
The harvest bring, nor thresh, and grind the Corne.
Without all these Love could supply our need;
And with five Loaves, five thousand Hungers feed.

More

More wonders did he, for all which suppose
 How he was crown'd, with Lilly, or with Rose:
 The winding Ivy, or the glorious Bay,
 Or mirtle, with the which *Venus*, they say,
 Girts her proud Temples? Shepheards none of them
 But wore (poore head) a thorny Diadem.
 Feet to the lame he gave; with which they run
 To worke their Surgeons last destruction.
 The blind from him had eyes; but us'd that light
 Like *Basyliques* to kill him with their sight.
 Lastly he was betray'd (ô sing of this)
 How Love could be betray'd! 'twas with a kisse.
 And then his Innocent hands, and guiltlesse feet
 Were nayl'd unto the Crosse, striving to meet
 In his spread armes his spouse, to mild in shewe
 He seem'd to court th' Imbraces of his foe.
 Through his pearc'd side, through which a speare was
 A torrent of all flowing Balsame went.
 Run *Amarillis* run: one drop from thence
 Cures thy sad soule, and drives all anguish hence.
 Goe sunburnt *Thestylis*, goe, and repaire
 Thy beauty lost, and be againe made faire.
 Love-sick *Amyntas* get a *Philtrum* here,
 To make thee Lovely to thy truly deare.
 But coy *Licoris* take the Pearle from thine,
 And take the bloodshot from *Alexis* eyne.
 Weare this an Amulet 'gainst all Syrens smiles,
 The stings of snakes, and Teares of Crocodiles.
 Now Love is lead: Oh no, he never dyes;
 Three dayes he sleepest, and then againe doth rise

(Like

(Like faire *Aurora* from the Easterne Bay)
 And with his beams drives all our clouds away:
 This pipe unto our flocks, this sonnet get.
 But hoc, I see the Sun ready to set,
 Good night to all; for the great night is come;
 Flocks to your folds and shepheards hyc you home.!
 To morrow morning, when we all have slept,
Pan's Cornet's blowne, and the great *Sheep* shears kept.

An Eglogue to Mr Johnson.

Tityrus

Vnder his Beech why sit'st thou here so sad
 Son *Damon*, that wast erst a joviall lad? (Sound
 These groves were wont to Eccho with the
 Of thy shrill reed, while every Nymph danc'd round.
 Rowse up thy soule, *Parnassus* mount stands high,
 And must be climb'd with painefull industrie.

Damon. You Father on his forked top sit still,
 And see us panting up so steepe a hill;
 But I have broke my reed, and deeply swore
 Never with wax, never to joynt it more.

Tit. Fond boy 'twas rashly done; I meant to thee;
 Of all the sons I have, by legacie
 To have bequeath'd my pipe, thee, thee of all,
 I meant it should her second Master call.

Dam. And doe you thinke I durst presume to play
 Where *Tityrus* had worne his lip away!
 Live long thy selfe to tune it; 'tis from thee,

N

It

It has not from it self such Harmony.

But if we ever such disaster have

As to compose our *Tytirus* in his grave;

Yonder upon yon aged Oak, that now

Old trophies bears on every sacred bow,

We'le hang it up a relique, we will doe it,

And learned swains shall pay devotion to it.

Tyt. Canst thou farewell' unto the Muses bid?

Then bees shall loath the Thyme, the new wean'd Kid

Browze on the buds no more; the teeming ewes

Henceforth the tender fallows shall refuse.

Dam. I by those Ladies now do nothing set;

Let'em for me some other servant get:

They shall no more be Mistresses of mine,

No, though my pipe had hope to equall thine.

Thine which the floods have stopt their course to hear;

To which the spotted Linx hath lent an eare.

Which while the severall Ecchoes would repeat,

The Musick has been sweet, the Art so great

That *Pan* himself amaz'd at thy deep aires,

Sent thee of his own bowl to drown thy cares.

Ofall the Gods *Pan* doth the Pipe respect,

The rest unlearned pleasures more affect.

Pan can distinguish what thy Raptures be

From *Bavins* loose lascivious Minstralsie,

Or *Mavins* windy Bagpipe, *Mavins*, he

Whose wit is but a Tavern Tympanie.

If ever I flock of my own doe feed,

My fattest Lambs shall on his Altar bleed.

Tyt. Two Altars I will build him, and each yeare

will

Will sacrifice two wel-fed Bullocks there.
 Two that have horns; that while they butting stand
 Strike from their feet a cloud of numerous sand.
 But what can make thee leave the Muses man,
 That such a Patron hast as mighty *Pan*?
 Whence is thy fury? Did the partiall eare
 Of the rude Vulgar, when they late did heare
Ægon, and thee contend which best should play,
 Him Victour deem, and give thy kid away?
 Does *Amarillis* cause this high despair?
 Or *Galatea's* coynesse breed thy care?
Dam. Neither of these, the Vulgar I contemn;
 Thy pipe not alwaies *Tytirus* wins with them:
 And as for Love, in sooth I doe not know
 Whether he wears a bow, and shafts or no.
 Or did I, I a way could quickly find,
 To win the beauteous *Galatea's* mind,
 Or *Amarillis*: I to both could send
 Apples that with *Hesperian* fruit contend:
 And on occasion could have quickly guest
 Wheretwo fayr ring-doves built their amorous nest.
Tyt. If none of these, my *Damon* then arcad
 What other cause can so much passion breed!
Dam. Father I will, in those indulgent ears
 I dare unload the burden of my fears.
 The Reapers that with whetted siccles stand,
 Gathering the falling ears 'ith' other hand;
 Though they endure the scorching summers heat,
 Have yet some wages to allay their sweat:
 The Lopper that doth fell the sturdy Oak

Labours, yet has good pay for every stroke.
 The Plowman is rewarded: only we
 That sing, are paid with our own melody.
 Rich churls have learn't to praise us, and admire,
 But have not learn'd to think us worth the hire.
 So toying Ants perchance delight to hear
 The summer musique of the Grassopper,
 But after rather let him starve with pain,
 Then spare him from their store one single grain.
 As when great *Iunos* beauteous Bird displaies
 Her starry tail, the boyes doe run and gaze
 At her proud train, so look they now adaies
 On Poets; and doe think if they but praise,
 Or pardon what we sing, enough they doe.
 I, and 'tis well if they doe so much too.
 My rage is swel'd so high I cannot speak it,
 Had I *Pan's* pipe, or thine I now should break it!
Tit. Let moles delight in Earth; Swine dunghills rake;
 Crows prey on Carrion; Frogs a pleasure take
 In slimy pools; And Niggards wealth admire;
 But we, whose souls are made of purer fire,
 Have other aimes: Who songs for gain hath made,
 Has of a liberall Science fram'd a Trade.
 Hark how the Nightingale in yonder tree,
 Hid in the boughes, warbles melodiously
 Her various musique forth, while the whole Quire
 Of other birds, flock round, and all admire!
 But who rewards her? will the ravenous Kite
 Part with her prey, to pay for her delight?
 Or will the foolish, painted, prating lay

Now

Now turn'd a hearer, to requite her play
Lend her a straw? or any of the rest
Fetch her a feather when she builds her nest?
Yet sings she ne're thelesse, till every den
Doe catch at her last notes: And shall I then
His fortunes *Damon*'bove my own commend,
Who can more cheefe into the market send:
Clowns for posterity may cark and care,
That cannot out-live death but in an Heire:
By more then wealth we propagate our Names,
That trust not to successions, but our Flames.
Let hide-bound churls yoke the laborious Oxe,
Milk hundred goats, and shear a thousand flocks;
Plant gainfull Orchards, and in silver shine;
Thou of all fruits should'st only prune the Vine:
Whose fruit being tasted, might erect thy brain
To reach some ravishing, high, and lofty strain;
The double birth of *Bacchus* to expresse,
First in the grape, the second in the presse,
And therefore tell me boy, what is't can move
Thy mind, once fixed on the Muses Love?
Dam. When I contented liv'd by *Cham*'s fair streams,
Without desire to see the prouder *Thames*,
I had no flock to care for, but could sit
Vnder a willow covert, and repeat
Those deep and learned layes, on every part
Grounded on judgment, subtil'ty, and Art,
That the great Tutour to the greatest King,
The shepherd of *Stagira*, us'd to sing:
The shepherd of *Stagira*, that unfolds

All natures closet, shows what e're it holds;
 The matter, form, sense, motion, place, and measure
 Of every thing contain'd in her vast treasure.
 How Elements doe change; What is the cause
 Of Generation; what the Rule, and Laws
 The Orbs doe move by; Censures every starre,
 Why this is fixt, and that irregular;
 Knows all the Heavens, as if he had been there,
 And help't each Angell turn about her spheare.
 The thirsty pilgrim travelling by land,
 When the fierce Dog-starre doth the day command,
 Halt choak't with dust, parch't with the fouldry heat;
 Tir'd with his journey, and o'recome with sweat,
 Finding a gentle spring, at her cool brink
 Doth not with more delight sit down and drink,
 Then I record his songs: we see a cloud,
 And fearing to be wet, doe run and shroud
 Vnder a bush; when he would sit and tell
 The cause that made her mystic wombe to swell;
 Why it sometimes in drops of rain doth flow,
 Sometimes dissolves her self in flakes of snow:
 Nor gaz'd he at a Comet, but would frame
 A reason why it wore a beard of flame.
 Ah *Tytirus*, I would with all my heart,
 Even with the best of my carv'd mazers part,
 To hear him as he us'd divinely shew,
 What 'tis that paints the divers-colour'd bow: (stray,
 Whence Thunders are discharg'd, whence the winds
 What foot through heaven hath worn the milky way!
 And yet I let this true delight alone,

Call'd

Call'd thence to keep the flock of *Corydon*.
Ah woe is me, anothers flock to keep;
The care is mine, the master shears the sheep!
A flock it was that would not keep together;
A flock that had no fleece, when it came hither.
Nor would it learn to listen to my layes,
For 'twas a flock made up of severall strays:
And now I would return to *Cham*, I hear
A desolation frights the Muses there!
With rustique swains I mean to spend my time;
Teach me there father to preserve my rime.
Tyt. To morrow morning I will counsel thee,
Meet me at *Faunus* Beech, for now you see
How larger shadows from the mountains fall,
And *Corydon* doth *Damon*, *Damon*, call.
Damon, 'tis time my flock were in the fold,
More then high time; did you not erst behold
How *Hesperus* above yon clouds appear'd,
Hesperus leading forth his beauteous heard?

A Pastoral Courtship.

BEhold these woods, and mark my Sweet
How all the boughes together meet!
The *Cedar* his fair arms displays,
And mixes branches with the *Bayes*.
The lofty *Pine* deignes to descend,
And sturdy *Oaks* doe gently bend.

One

One with another subtly weaves
 Into one loom their various leaves;
 As all ambitious were to be
 Mine and my *Phyllis* canopie!

Let's enter, and discourse our Loves;
 These are, my Dear, no tell-tale groves;
 There dwell no Pyes, nor Parrats there,
 To prate again the words they heare,
 Nor babling Eccho, that will tell
 The neighbouring hills one syllable.

Being enter'd let's together lye,
 Twin'd like the *Zodiaks Gemini*!
 How soon the flowres doe sweeter smelle,
 And all with emulation swell,
 To be thy pillow: These for thee
 Were meant a bed, and thou for me,
 And I may with as just esteem
 Presse thee, as thou maist lye on them.
 And why so coy? What dost thou feare;
 There lurks no speckled Serpent here.
 No Venemous snake makes this his rode,
 No Canker, nor the loathsome toad.
 And yon poor spider on the tree,
 Thy spinster will, no poisner be.
 There is no Frog to leap, and fright
 Thee from my arms, and break delight;
 Nor snail that o're thy coat shall trace,
 And leave behind a slimy lacc.
 This is the hallowed shrine of Love,
 No wasp nor hornet haunts this grove;

Nor

Nor pismire to make pimples rise,
Vpon thy smooth and ivory thighes.
No danger in these shades doth lye,
Nothing that wears a sting, but I:
And in it doth no venome dwell,
Although perchance it make thee swell.

Being set, let's sport a while, my Fair,
I will tye Love knots in thy haire.
See *Zephyrus* through the leaves doth stray,
And has free liberty to play;
And braids thy locks: And shall I find
Lesse favour then a saucy wind;
Now let me sit, and fix my eyes,
On thee that art my Paradis?
Thou art my all; the spring remains
In the fair violets of thy veins:

And that it is a summers day,
Ripe Cherries in thy lips display.
And when for Autumn I would seek,
'Tis in the Apples of thy cheek.
But that which only moves my smart,
Is to see winter in thy heart.

Strange, when at once in one appear
All the four seasons of the year!

I'le clasp that neck where should be set
A rich and Orient Carkanet:

But swains are poor, admit of then
More naturall chains, the arms of men.

Come let me touch those breasts, that swell
Like two fair mountains, and may well

Bestil'd the Alpes, but that I feare
 The snow has lesse of whitenesse there
 But stay (my Love) a fault I spy,
 Why are these two fair fountains dry,
 Which if they run, no Muse would please
 To tast of any spring but these.
 And *Ganymed* employ'd should bee
 To fetch his love *Nectar* from thee.
 Thou shalt be Nurse fair *Venus* swears,
 To the Next *Cupid* that she bears.
 Were it not then discreetly done
 To ope one spring to let two runne?
 Fy, fy, this Belly, Beauty's mint,
 Blushes to see no coyn stamp't in't.
 Employ it then, for though it be
 Our wealth, it is your royaltie;
 And beauty will have currant grace
 That bears the Image of your face.
 How to the touch the Ivory thighs
 Veil gently, and again doe rise,
 As pliable to impression,
 As Virgins waxe, or *Parian* stone
 Dissolv'd to softnesse, plump and full,
 More white and soft then *Cot* fall wooll;
 Or Cotten from the *Indian* Tree,
 Or pretty silkworms huswifrie.
 These on two marble pillars rais'd
 Make me in doubt which should be prais'd;
 They, or their *Columnes* must; but when
 I veiw those feet which I have seen

So nimble trip it o're the Lawns
 That all the *Satyrs* and the fawns
 Have stood amaz'd, when they would passe
 Over the leyes, and not a grasse
 Would feel the weight, nor rush, nor bent
 Drooping betray which way you went.
 O then I felt my hot desires
 Burn more, and flame with double fires.
 Come let those thighes, those legs, those feet
 With mine in thousand windings meet,
 And woven in more subtle twines
 Then woodbine, Ivy, or the vines.
 For when Love sees us circling thus
 He'll like no Arbour more then us.
 Now let us kisse, would you be gone?
 Manners at least allows me one.
 Blush you at this, pretty one stay,
 And I will take that kisse away.
 Thus with a second, and that too
 A third wipes of, so will we goe
 To numbers that the starrs out run,
 And all the Atoms in the Sun.
 For though we kisse till *Phæbus* ray
 Sink in the seas, and kissing stay
 Till his bright beams return again,
 There can of all but one remain:
 And if for one good manners call,
 In one good manners grant me all.
 Are kisses all? they but forerun
 Another duty to be done.

What would you of that minstrell say
 That tunes his pipes and will not play?
 Say what are blossoms in their prime,
 That ripen not in harvest time?
 Or what are buds that ne're disclose
 The long'd for sweetnesse of the rose,
 So kisses to a Lover's guest
 Are invitations not the feast.
 See every thing that we espy
 Is fruitfull, saving you and I:
 View all the feilds, survey the bowers,
 The buds, the blossoms and the flowers;
 And say if they so rich could be
 In barren base Virginitie.
 Earth's not so coy as you are now,
 But willingly admits the plow.
 For how had man or beast been fed,
 If she had kept her maiden head?
Celia once coy as are the rest
 Hangs now a babe on either brest,
 And *Chloris* since a man she took,
 Has lesse of greennesse in her look.
 Our ewes have ean'd, and every damme
 Gives suck unto her tender Lambe.
 As by these groves we walk'd a long,
 Some Birds were feeding of their young,
 Some on their egges did brooding sit,
 Sad that they had not hatch'd them yet.
 Those that were slower then the rest,
 Were busy building of their nest.

You

You will not only pay the fine,
You vow'd and ow'd to *Valentine*.
As you were angling in the brook
With silken line and silver hook,
Through Christall streams you might descry
How vast and numberlesse a fry
The fish had spawn'd, that all along
The banks were crowded with the throng.
And shall fair *Venus* more command
By water then she does by land?
The *Phoenix* chaste yet when she dyes,
Her self with her own ashes, lyes.
But let thy Love more wisely thrive
To doe the act while th'art alive.
'Tis time we left our childish Love
That trades for toyes, and now approve
Our abler skill; they are not wise
Look Babies only in the eyes.
That smooth red smile shews what you meant,
And modest silence gives consent.
That which we now prepare, will bee
Best done in silent secrecie.
Come doe not weep, what is't you feare?
Least some should know what we did here.
See not a flowre you prest is dead,
But re-erects his bended head;
That whoe soe're shall passe this way
Knows not by these where *Phyllis* lay,
And in your forehead there is none
Can read the act that we have done.

Phyllis.

Poore credulous and simple maid!
 By what strange wiles art thou betraid!
 A treasure thou hast lost to day
 For which thou canst no ransome pay.
 How black art thou transform'd with sin!
 How strange a guilt gnaws me within!
 Greif will convert this red to pale;
 When every Wake, and whitfund-ale
 Shall talk my shame; break, break sad heart
 There is no Medicine for my smart,
 No hearb nor balm can cure my sorrow,
 Vnlesse you meet again to morrow.

*Vpon a very deformed Gentlewoman, but of a
 voice incomparably sweet.*

I chanc'd sweet *Lesbia's* voice to heare,
 O that the pleasure of the eare
 Contented had the appetite;
 But I must satisfy the sight;
 Where such a face I chanc'd to see
 From which good Lord deliver me,
 I'ft not prophane if I should tell
 I thought her one of those that fell
 With *Lucifers* Apostate traine
 Yet did her Angels voice retaine?
 A cherubin her notes descry'd,

A Divell every where beside.
Aske the dark woods, and they'le confesse
None did such Harmony expresse
In all their bowres from May to Iune,
Yet nere was face so out of tune.
Her Virginnall teeth false time did keep,
Her wrinkled forehead went too deep.
Lower then *Gammath* sunke her eyes,
'Bove *Ela* though her nose did rise.
I'le trust Musicians now that tell
Best musique doth in discords dwell.
Her ayres entic'd the gentle quire
Of Birds to come, who all admire,
And would with pleasure longer stay,
But that her looks frights them away.
Which for a good *Priapus* goes
And well may serve to scarre the crows.
Her voice might tempt th'immortall race,
But let her only shew her face,
And soone shee might extinguish thus
The lusting of an *Incubus*.
So have I seene a lute ore worne,
Old and rotten, patcht and torne,
So ravish with a sound, and bring
A close so sweet to every string,
As would strike wonder in our eares,
And work an envy in the Spheares.
Say monster strange, what maist thou be?
Whence shall I fetch thy Pedigree?
What but a Panther could beget

A beast

A beast so foule, a breath so sweet?
 Or thou of *Syrens* issue art,
 If they be fish the upper part.
 Or else blind *Homer* was not mad
 Then when he sung *Vlysses* had
 So strange a guift from *Aeolus*,
 Who odour-breathing *Zephyrus*
 In severall bottles did inclose,
 For certain thou art one of those.
 Thy lookes, where other women place
 Their chiefeft Pride, is thy disgrace.
 The tongue, a part which us'd to be
 Worst in thy Sexe, is best in thee.
 Were I but now to choose my deare
 Not by my eye, but by my eare,
 Here would I dote; how shall I wooe
 Thy voice, and not thy body too?
 Then all the brood I get of thee,
 Would Nightingalls, and Cygnets be:
 Cygnets betimes their throats to trye,
 Borne with more Musique then they dye.
 Say *Lesbia*, say, what God will blesse
 Our Loves with so much happinesse:
 Some women are all tongue, but ô
 Why art not thou my *Lesbia* so!
 Thy looks doe speak thee witch; one spell
 To make thee but invisible,
 Or dye; resignethy selfe to death,
 And I will catch thy latest breath;
 But that the nose will scarce I feare

Find

Or nimble run the winding of the Maze,
 Now gets a bush to roam himsele, and sleepe;
 Tis hard to know the shepheard from the sheepe.
 And yet methinks our English pastures be
 As flowery as the Lawnes of *Arcadie*;
 Our Virgins blith as theirs, nor can proud *Greece*
 Boast purer ayre, nor sheer a finer fleece.

The. Yet view their out-side, *Collen*, you would say
 They have as much brawn in their necks as they
 Fair *Tempe* braggs of; lusty armes that swell
 With able sinews, and might hurle as well
 The weightie sledge; their leggs, and thighs of bone,
 Great as *Colossus*, yet their strength is gone.
 They look like yonder man of wood, that stands
 To bound the limits of the Parish lands.

Dost thou ken, *Collen*, what the cause might be
 Of such a dull and generall Lethargie? (away,

Coll. Swain, with their sports their soules were ta'ne
 Till then they all were active, every day

They exercis'd to weild their limbs, that now
 Are numb'd to every thing, but flail and plow.

Early in May up got the jolly rout

Call'd by the Lark, and spred the feilds about:

One for to breath himsele, would coursing be
 From this same Beech, to yonder Mulberie.

A second leapt, his supple nerves to try,

A third was practising his melody.

This a new ligg was footing, others were

Busied at wrestling, or to throw the Barre:

Ambitious which should beare the bell away,

And kisse the Nut-brown Lady of the May.
 This stirr'd 'em up; a lolly swain was he
 Whom *Peg*, and *Susan* after Victory
 Crown'd with a garland they had made, beset
 With Daïsies, Pincks and many a Violet,
 Cowslip, and Gilliflower. Rewards though small
 Encourage vertue; but if none at all
 Meet her, she languisheth, and dyes, as now
 Where worth's deny'd the honour of a bough.
 And, *Thenot*, this the cause I read to be
 Of such a dull and generall Lethargie.
The. Ill thrive the Lowt that did their mirth gain-say,
 Wolves haunt his flocks, that took those sports away!
Coll. Some melancholy swains about have gone
 To teach all zeal their owne complection:
 Choler they will admit sometimes I see,
 But Fleagme, and Sanguine no Religions be.
 These teach that Dauncing is a Iezabell;
 And Barley-break, the ready way to Hell.
 The Morrice Idols, Whitfun'-ales can be
 But prophane Reliques of a Iubilee!
 These in a Zeal, t' expresse how much they doe
 The Organs hate, have silenc'd Bag-pipes too;
 And harmlesse May-poles, all are rail'd upon
 As if they were the towers of *Babylon*.
 Some think not fit there should be any sport
 I'th Country, 'tis a dish proper to t'h Court.
 Mirth not becomes 'em, let the sawcy swain
 Eate Beef, and Bacon, and goe sweat again.
 Besides, what sport can in their pastimes be

When

When all is but ridiculous fopperie?
The. Collen, I once the famous *Spain* did see,
 A nation glorious for her gravitie;
 Yet there an hundred Knights on warlike steeds
 Did skirmish out a fight arm'd but with Reeds;
 At which a thousand Ladies eyes did gaze,
 Yet was no better then our Prison-base.
 What is the Barriers but a Courtly way
 Of our more down right sport, the Cudgell-play?
 Foot-ball with us may be with them Balloone,
 As they at Tilt, so we at Quintaine runne.
 And those old Pastimes relish best with me,
 That have least Art, and most simplicitie.
Collen, they say at Court there is an Art
 To dance a Ladies honour from her hart;
 Such wiles poor shepheards know not, all their sence
 Is dull to any thing but Innocence.
 The Country Lasse, although her dance be good,
 Stirs not anothers Galliard in the Blood.
 And yet their Sports by some controul'd have been,
 Who think there is no mirth but what is sin.
 O might I but there harmlesse Gambols see
 Restor'd unto an ancient libertie,
 Where spotlesse dalliance traces o're the Plains,
 And harmlesse Nymphs jet it with harmlesse swains!
 To see an age againe of Innocent Loves
 Twine close as Vines, yet kisse as chaste as Doves,
 Me thinks I could the *Thracian* Lyre have strung,
 Or tun'd my whistle to the *Mantuan* song.
Coll. Then tune thy whistle boy, and string thy Lyre,

That age is come againe, thy brave desire
Pan hath approv'd; dauncing shall bee this yeare
 Holy as is the motion of a Spheare.

The. Colen, with sweeter breath Fame never blew
 Her sacred Trump, if this good newes be true! (land
Coll. Knowst thou not *Cotswold* hils? *Th.* Through all the
 No Finer wooll runnes through the spinsters hand.
 But silly *Colen*, ill thou dost divine,
 Canst thou mistake a Bramble for a Pine?
 Or think this Bush a Cedar? or suppose
 Yo'n Hamlet, where to sleepe each shepheard goes
 In circuit, buildings, people, power and name
 Equalls the Bow string'd by the silver Thame?
 As well thou maist their sports with ours compare,
 As the soft wooll of Lambs, with the Goates haire.
Coll. Last evening Lad, I met a noble swaine,
 That spurr'd his sprightfull Palfrey ore the plain,
 His head with ribbands crown'd, and deckt as gay
 As any Lasse upon her Bridall day:
 I thought (what easy faiths we sheapheards prove!)
 This, not the Bull, had been *Europa's* Love!
 I ask't the cause, they told me this was he
 Whom this daies Triumph crown'd with Victory.
 Many brave steeds there were, some you should finde
 So fleet as they had been sonnes of the winde:
 Others with hoofs so swift, beat o're the race
 As if some engine shot 'em to the place.
 So many and so well wing'd Steeds there were,
 As all the Brood of *Pegasus* had been there.
 Rider, and horse could not distinguish'd be,

Both

Both seem'd conjoyn'd a *Centaure's* Progeny.
 A numerous troop they were, yet all so light
 Earth never groan'd, nor felt 'em in their flight.

Such Royall Pastimes *Cotswold* mountains fill,
 When gentle swains visit her glorious hill:
 Where with such packs of Hounds they hunting goe,
 As *Cyrus* ne're did winde his Bugle to!
 Whose noise is muscally, and with full cries
 Beats o're the feilds, and Ecchoes through the skies.
Orion hearing wish'd to leave his Spheare,
 And call his Dogge from heaven, to sport it there.
Watt though he fled for life, yet joy'd withall
 So brave a dirge sung forth his funerall.
 Not *Syrens* sweetlier rill, Hares as they flie
 Look back, as glad to listen, loth to die.
The. No doubt but from this brave Heroick fire
 In the more noble hearts, sparks of desire
 May warme the colder Boores, and emulous strife
 Give the old Mirth and Innocence a new life.
 When thoughts of fame their quickned souls shall fill
 At every glaunce that shewes 'em *Cotswold* hill.
Coll. There shepheard, there, the solemn games be
 Such as great *Theseus*, or *Alcides* made: playd,
 Such as *Apollo* wishes he had seene,
 And *Iove* desires had his invention beene!
 The *Nemean*, and the *Isthmian* pastimes still
 Though dead in Greece, survive on *Cotswold* hill.
The. Oh happy hill! the gentle Graces now
 Shall trip o're Thine and leave *Citherons* brow:
Parnassus clift shall sink below his spring,

And

And every Muse shall on thy frontlet sing,
 The Goddesse againe in strife shall be,
 And from mount *Ida* make appeale to thee;
Olympus pay thee homage and in dread
 The aged *Alpes* shall bow his snowy head;
Flora with all her store thy Temples Crowne,
 Whose height shall reach the stars: Gods looking down
 Shall blesse the Incense that thy flowers exhale
 And make thee both a Mountain and a Vale.
 How many Ladies on thy top shall meet,
 And presse thy tresses with their od'rous feet?
 Whose eyes when wondring men see from a farre,
 They'le think thee Heaven and each of them a starre,
Colly But gentle *Colleen* say what God or man
 Fame we for this great worke, *Daphnis* or *Pan*?
The. *Daphnis* is dead, and *Pan* hath broke his Reed,
 Tell all your flocks 'tis Ioviall *Dover's* deed.
 Behold the shepheards in their ribbands goe,
 And shortly all the Nymphs shall wear 'em too:
 Amaz'd to see such glory met together,
 Blesse *Dovers* pipe, whose Musick call'd 'em hither.
 Sport you my Rams at sound of *Dovers* name;
 Big-bellied ewes make hast to bring a Lambe
 For *Dovers* fold: Goe maids and Lillies get
 To make him up a glorious Coronet.
 Swains keep his holy-day and each man swear
 To Saint him in the *Shepheards Calendar*.

THE

Ad Medicum.

Heu, quæ me Cholchis, magico quæ Theſſala cantu
 Sic cruciat miſerū, & tantis coquit ilia flammis?
 Aut quæ ceræ meas torret liquefacta medullas?
 Mitius in Lybiam Phæbijubar antra leonis
 Ingreſſum furit, & Vulcania mitius Ætna
 Sævit, ardentès cineres, multamq; favillam
 In Calabros iaculata ſinus: Heu, quis mihi veſtes
 Induit Herculeas? nam ſentio virus, & omnes
 Ebullire meas Neſſæo ſanguine venas!
 Mille licet paſcas fibrâ creſcente volucres,
 Felicem Titium, multo quem frigore ſtringit
 Caucaſus! O liceat mihi tecum monte ſub illo
 Æternum tractare gelu, glacięq; perenni
 Demulcere animum, niſibusq; extinguere flammās!
 Aut tecum ſitiam, gelidis modo detur in undis
 Stare, tuiſq; meum lymphis ſolarier aſtum,
 Tantale; namq; uxor miſerè miſer, aſtuat intus
 Indomitus, totosq; ignis depaſcitur artus.
 Dum gliſcit calor, & ſervo coquit igne cruorem,
 Intumet extemplo cutis, exurgitq; tumefcens
 Purpureâ maculâ, & multo diſtincta rubore;
 Non alitèr quàm de celo cum decidit imber,
 Plurima (vidi etenim) medio natat æquore bulla;
 Aut quale in noſtris (ſæpe eſt videre) culinīs
 Cum primum verubus ſtridet caro: Belides in me,
 In me perpetuam diffundite, Belides, urnam.
 Gens eſt, humanos, quæ dicitur, impia, carnes
 Condere viſceribus; me, me, petat, & voret ore
 Iam toſtum iecur: heu, fervent mea & omnia membra

Q

Aptā

Apta Thyestæis vivunt convivium mensis.
 At cum flamma satis totos bacchata per artus
 Lenius ardescens deferbuit, illico turgens
 Descendit cutis, & paulo nunc mitius uror.
 Tandem omnis calor expirat, videorq; repentinè
 Taygeti montis, gelidive in vallibus Hæmi
 Ramorum densâ requiescere tectus in umbra,
 Et tandem revocata suas redit, improba, vires,
 Flamma, premitq; iterum, solitisq; caloribus urit.
 Tunc mihi scintillant oculi, tremulumq; videntes
 Imbelli spectant acie, bina omnia, bina
 Conspicor, & binis exurgit mensa lucernis;
 Tum videor Stygiis undis, ipsosq; Acharonte
 Immergi, videor flagranti claudier ere,
 Inq; Perillæo mugire incendia Tauro.
 Sum meus ipse Rogus: quæ tantas pabula possunt,
 Quo valeam tantas putrire bitumine flammæ?
 Si qua est herbarum virtus (quæ maxima certe est)
 Extinguas plusquam Phæbeos, (Phæbe) calores:
 Extinguas, precor, & cocto mihi redde salutem,
 Ut semel annosum reparaverat Æsopa Colchis:
 Utq; Aries iuvenem rediit grandævus in Agnum.

The Song of Orpheus.

HAile sacred Deserts, whom kind nature made
 Only to shelter with a loving shade,
 The now neglected Musique, glad to see
 Lyons afford her hospitality,

And

And Tigers bid her welcome, with the rest
 Of savage beasts accept her for a guest,
 Since Men refuse her, and scarce daigne an eare
 To her high notes; or if they please to heare,
 Tis all amongst my Pupills, you may see
 The birds that learn'd their sweetest laies of me;
 Those that chant Carols in this thanklesse age
 To pleasure men, rewarded with a Cage.

A Maske for Lydia.

Sweet *Lydia* take this maske, and shroud
 Thy face within the silken cloud,
 And veile those powerfull Skies:
 For he whose gazing dares so high aspire,
 Makes burning glasses of his eyes,
 And sets his heart on fire.

Vaile, *Lydia*, vaile, for unto mee
 There is no basiliske but thee.

Thy very lookes doe kill.
 Yet in those lookes so fixt is my delight,
 Poore foule (alas) I languish still
 In absence of thy sight.

Close up those eyes, or we shall finde
 Too great a lustre strike us blind:

Or if a Ray so good
 Ought to be seene, let it but then appeare

When Eagles doe produce their brood,
To try their young ones there.

Or if thou would'st have me to know
How great a brightnesse thou canst shew;

When they have lost the Sun;
Then doe thou rise, and give the world this theme,

Sol from th' *Hesperides* is run,
And back hath whipt his teame.

Yet through the *Goat* when he shall stray,
Thou through the *Crab* must take thy way;

For should you both shine bright
In the same *Tropick*, we poore moles should get
Nor so much comfort by the light,
As torment by the heat.

Where's *Lydia* now? where shall I seeke
Her charming lip, her tempting cheeke

That my affections bow'd;
So dark a sable hath ecclipt my faire,
That I can gaze upon the cloud,
That durst not see the Star.

But yet me thinkes my thoughts begin
To say there lies a white within,

Though black her pride controule:
And what care I how black a face I see,
So there be whitnesse in the soule,
Still such an *Ethiop* be.

A parley with his empty Purse.

Purse, who'l not know you have a Poets been
 When he shall look and find no gold herein?
 What respect (think you) will there now be shown
 To this foule nest, when all the birds are flowne?
 Vnnaturall vacuum, can your emptinesse
 Answer to some slight questions, such as these?
 How shall my debts be paid? or can my scores
 Be cleer'd with verses to my Creditors?
Hexameter's no sterling, and I feare
 What the brain coynes goes scarce for currant there.
 Can meeter cancell bonds? is here a time
 Ever to hope to wipe out chalke with rime?
 Or if I now were hurrying to the jaile
 Are the nine *Muses* held sufficient baile?
 Would they to any composition come,
 If we should mortgage our *Elisum*,
Tempe, *Parnassus*, and the golden streames
 Of *Tagus*, and *Pactolus*, those rich dreames
 Of active fancy? Can our *Orpheus* move
 Those rocks, and stones with his best straines of love?
 Should I (like *Homer*) sing in lofty tones
 To them *Achilles*, and his *Myrmidons*;
Hector, and *Ajax* are but Sergeants names,
 They relish bay-salt, 'bove the Epigrams
 Of the most season'd braine, nor will they be
 Content with Ode, or paid with Elegy.
 Muse, burne thy baies, and thy fond quill resigne,

Q3

One

One crosse of theirs is worth whole books of mine.
 Of all the treasure which the Poets hold
 There's none at all they weigh, except our gold;
 And mine's return'd to th' *Indies*, and hath sworn
 Never to visit this cold climate more.
 The crack your strings good Purse, for you need none;
 Gape on, as they doe to be paid, gape on.

Vpon Love fondly refus'd for Conscience sake.

Nature, Creations law, is judg'd by sense,
 Not by the Tyrant conscience.
 Then our commission gives us leave to doe
 What youth and pleasure prompts us to:
 For we must question else heavens great decree,
 And taxe it with a Treachery;
 If things made sweet to tempt our appetite
 Should with a guilt staine the delight.
 Higher powers rule us, our selves can nothing doe;
 Who made us love, made't lawfull too.
 It was not love, but love transform'd to vice
 Ravish'd by envious Avarice,
 Made women first impropriate; all were free,
 Inclosures mans Inventions be.
 I'th' golden age no action could be found
 For trespassse on my neighbours ground:
 'Twas just with any Fayre to mixe our blood;
 The best is most diffusive good.
 She that confines her beams to one mans sight,

Is

Is a darke Lanth orne to a glorious Light.
Say, does the Virgin-spring lesse chaste appear
Cause many Thirsts are quenched there?
Or have you not with the same odours met
When more have smelt your violet?
The Phenix is not angry at her nest,
Cause her perfumes make others blest:
Though Incense to th'eternall Gods be meant,
Yet mortalls Rivall in the sent.
Man is the Lord of creatures, yet we see
That all his vassals loves are free:
The severe wedlocks fetters doe not bind
The Pard's inflam'd, and amorous mind;
But that he may be like a Bridegroom led
Even to the Royall Lyons bed.
The birds may for a yeare their loves confine,
But make new choyce each *Valentine*.
If our affections then more servile be
Then are our slaves, where's mans soveraignty?
Why then by pleasing more, should you lesse please,
And spare the sweets being more sweet then these?
If the fresh Trunke have sap enough to give
That each infertive branch may live;
The Gardner grafts not only Apples there,
But addes the Wården and the Pear,
The Peach, and Apricock together grow,
The Cherry, and the Damson too.
Till he hath made by skilfull husbandry
An intire Orchard of one Tree.
So least our Paradise perfection want,

We

We may as well inoculate as plant.
What's Conscience but a Beldams midnight theme?
Or nodding nurfes idle dreamer:
So feign'd, as are the Goblins, Elves, and Fairies
To watch their Orchards, and their Dairies.
For who can tell when first her reigne begun?
I'th' state of innocence was none:
And since large Conscience (as the proverb shewes)
In the same sence with bad one goes,
The lesse the better then, whence this will fall,
'Tis to be perfect to have none at all.
Suppose it be a vertue rich, and pure,
'Tis not for Spring, or Summer sure,
Nor yet for Autumne; Love must have his prime,
His warmer heats, and harvest time.
Till we have flourish'd, growne, and reap'd our wishes,
What Conscience dares oppose our kisses?
But when times colder hand leads us neare home,
Then let that winter-vertue come:
Frost is till then prodigious; we may doe
What youth and pleasure prompts us to.

FINIS.

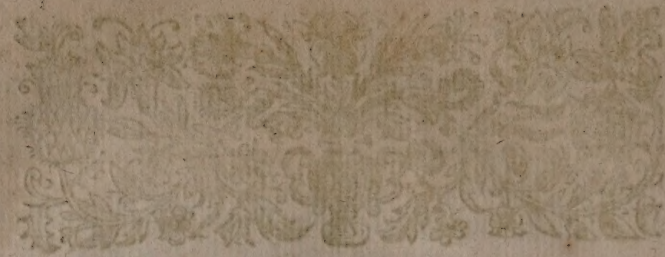


THE MVSES LOOKING-GLASSE.

By T. R.



OXFORD,
Printed by Leonard Lichfield, for Francis
Bowman. 1638.



THE MUSES
LOOKING-GLASSE.

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OXFORD,
Printed by Leonard Lichfield, for Francis
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THE
MVSES LOOKING-GLASSE.

ACTVS I. SCEN. I.

Enter

Bird a Featherman, and Mrs Flowrdew wife to a Haberdasher of small wares; the one having brought feathers to the Play-house, the other Pins and Looking-glasses; two of the sanctified fraternity of Black-friers.

Flo. **S**EE Brother how the wicked throng and crowd
To works of Vanity! not a nooke, or corner
In all this house of sin, this cave of filthinesse,
This den of spirituall theeves, but it is stuff'd,
Stuffed, and stuff'd full as is a cushion
With the lew'd Reprobate.

Bird. Sister, were there not before Innes,
Yes I will say Innes, for my zeale bids me
Say filthy Innes, enough to harbour such
As travell'd to destruction the broad way;

A 2

But

But they build more and more, more shops of Satan.

Flowerd. Iniquity aboundeth, though pure zeale
Teach, preach, huffe, puffe and fuffe at it, yet still
Still it aboundeth. Had we seen a Church,
A new built Church erected North and South,
It had been something worth the wondring at.

Bird. Good workes are done.

Flowerd. I say no workes are Good.

Good workes are meerely Popish and Apocryphall.

Bird. But th'bad abound, surround, yea & confound us.
No marveile now if Play-houses increase,
For they are all grown so obscene of late
That one begets another.

Flowerd. Flat fornication!

I wonder any body takes delight
To hear them prattle.

Bird. Nay and I have heard
That in a-- Tragedy, I think they call it,
They make no more of killing one another,
Then you sell pinnes.

Flow. Or you sell feathers brother.

But are they not hang'd for it?

Bird. Law growes partiall,
And findes it but Chance-medly: And their Comedies
Will abuse you, or me, or any body;
We cannot put our monies to increase
By lawfull Vsury, nor Breake in quiet,
Nor put off our false wares, nor keep our wives
Finer then others, but our Ghosts must walke
Vpon their stages.

Flow.

Flow. Is not this flat conjuring,
To make our Ghosts to walke ere we be dead?

Bird. Thats nothing *Mrs Flowrdew*, they will play
The Knave, the Foole, the Divell and all for mony.

Flow. Impiety! O that men inducd with reason
Should have no more grace in them!

Bird. Be there not other

Vocations as thriving, and more honest:
Bailies, Promooters, Iaylors, and Apparitours,
Beadles, and Martialls men, the needfull instruments
Of the Republique; but to make themselves
Such monsters? for they are monsters, th'are monsters,
Base, sinfull, shamelesse, ugly, vile, deform'd
Pernitious monsters.

Flow. I have heard our Vicar
Call Play-houses the Colledges of Transgression,
Wherein the seven deadly sinnes are studied.

Bird. Why then the City will in time be made
An Vniversity of Iniquity.

We dwell by *Black-Friers* Colledge, where I wonder
How that prophane nest of pernitious Birds
Dare roost themselves there in the midst of us,
So many good and well disposed persons.
O impudence!

Flow. It was a zealous prayer
I heard a Brother make, concerning Play-houses:

Bird. For Charity what is it?

Flow. That the *Globe*

Wherein (quoth he) reigns a whole world of vice,
Had been consum'd! The *Phanix* burnt to Ashes.

The *Fortune* whipt for a blind whore: *Blackfriers*
 He wonders how it scapd demolishing
 I'th' time of reformation: lastly he wish'd
 The *Bull* might crosse the *Thames* to the *Bear-garden*,
 And there be soundly baited!

Bird. A good prayer.

Flow. Indeed it something pricks my Conscience,
 I come to sell 'em Pins and Looking-glasses.

Bird. I have their custome too for all their feathers:
 'Tis fit that we which are sincere Professors
 Should gain by Infidels.

SC. 2,

Enter Roscius a Player.

Mr Roscius we have brought the things you spake for.

Rosc. Why tis well.

Flow. Pray sir what serve they for?

Rosc. We use them in our Play.

Bird. Are you a Player?

Rosc. I am Sir, what of that?

Bird. And is it lawfull?

Good sister lets convert him, will you use
 So fonda calling?

Flow. And so impious?

Bird. So irreligious?

Flow. So unwarrantable?

Bird. Only to gain by vice?

Flow. To live by sinne?

Rosc. My spleene is up: And live not you by sinne?

Take

Take away vanity and you both may break.
What serves your lawfull trade of selling pins,
But to joynt gew-gawes, and to knit together
Gorgetts, strups, neck-cloths, laces, ribbands, ruffs,
And many other such like toyes as these,
To make the Baby Pride a pretty Puppet?

And you sweet Featherman, whose ware though light
Oreweighs your Conscience, what serves your Trade
But to plume folly, to give Pride her wings,
To deck vain-glory! spoiling the Peacocks tayle.
T' adorne an Idiots Coxcombe! O dull ignorance!

How ill 'tis understood what we doe meane
For good and honest! They abuse our Scene,
And say we live by vice: Indeed tis true

As the Physitians by diseases doe,
Only to cure them: They doe live we see
Like Cookes by pamp'ring prodigality,
Which are our fond accusers. On the stage
We set an Vsurer to tell this age

How ugly looks his soule: A prodigall
Is taught by us how farre from liberall
His folly bears him: Boldly I dare say
There has been more by us in some one Play
Laugh't into wit and vertue, then hath been
By twenty tedious Lectures drawn from sinne
And foppish humours; Hence the cause doth rise
Men are not wonn by th' eares so well as eyes.
First see what we present.

Flow. The sight is able

To unsanctify our eyes, and make 'em Carnall.

Will

Rosc. Will you condemne without examination?

Bird. No Sister, let us call up all our zeale,
And try the strength of this temptation:
Satan shall see we dare defie his Engines.

Flow. I am content.

Rosc. Then take your places here, I will come to you
And moralize the plot.

Flow. That moralizing.

I doe approve, it may be for instruction.

SCENE 3.

Enter a deformed fellow.

Defor. Roscius, I heare you have a new Play to day.

Rosci. We want not you to play *Mephistopholis*.

A pretty naturall vizard!

Defor. What have you there?

Rosci. A Looking-glasse, or two.

Defor. What things are they?

Pray let me see them. Heaven, what sights are here!

I've seene a Divell. Looking-glasses call you them?

There is no basilisque but a Looking-glasse.

Rosci. Tis your own face you saw.

Defor. My own? thou liest:

I'de not be such a Monster for the world.

Rosci. Look in it now with me, what seest thou now?

Defor. An Angell and a Divell.

Rosci. Look on that

Thou callst an Angell, mark it well, and tell me,

Is it not like my face?

Defor. Astwere the same.

Rosci. Why so is that like thine. Dost thou not see,
'Tis not the glasse but thy deformitie
That makes this ugly shape; if they be fayre
That view the Glasse such the reflections are.
This serves the body: The soule sees her face
In Comedie, and has no other Glasse.

Defor. Nay then farewell, for I had rather see
Hell then a Looking-glasse or Comedie.

Exit Defor.

Rosci. And yet me thinks if 'twere not for this Glasse,
Wherein the forme of man beholds his grace,
We could not find another way to see
How neere our shapes approach Divinitie.
Ladies, let they who will your glasse deride,
And say it is an Instrument of Pride:
I will commend you for it; there you see
If yee be fayre, how truly fayre yee bee:
Where finding beauteous faces, I doe know
You'l have the greater care to keepe them so.
A heavenly vision in your beauty lyes,
Which nature hath denied to your own eyes;
Were it not pittie you alone should bee
Debarr'd of that others are blest to see?
Then take your glasses, and your selves enjoy
The benefit of your selves; it is no toy;
Though ignorance at slight esteeme hath set her,
That will preserve us good or make us better.
A Country slut, (for such she was, though here
Ith City may be some as well as there:)

B

Kept

Kept her hands clean, (for those being alwaies seene
 Had told her else how fluttish she had beene)
 But had her face as nasty as the stall
 Of a fishmonger, or a Usurers Hall
 Daub'd ore with dirt: One might have dar'd to say
 She was a true peice of *Prometheus* clay,
 Not yet inform'd: And then her unkemb'd haire
 Drest up with cobwebs, made her hag-like stare:
 One day within her paile (for Country Lasses
 (Fairst Ladies) have no other Looking-glasses)
 She spied her ugliness, and faine she would
 Have blusht if through so much dirt she could:
 Asham'd, within that water, that I say
 Which shew'd her filth, she wash'd her filth away.

So Comedies, as Poets doe intend them,
 Serve first to shew our faults and then to mend them
 Vpon our Stage two glasses of there be,
 The Comick Mirrour and the Tragedie:
 The Comick glasse is full of merry strife,
 The low reflection of a Country life,
 Grave Tragedy void of such homely sports
 Is the sad glasse of Cities and of Courts:
 I'll shew you both, *Thalia* come and bring
 Thy Buskin'd sister, that of Bloud doth sing.

SCENE 4.

Comedy. Tragedy. Mime. Satyre.

Comed. Why doe you stop? goe on.

Trag. I charge him stay

My

My robe of state, Buskins, and Crown of Gold
 Claime a priority.

Come. Your Crown of Gold
 Is but the wreath of wealth, 'Tis mine of Lawrell
 Is vertues Diadem: This grew greene and flourish'd,
 When nature pittying poore mortalitie,
 Hid thine within the bowells of the earth:

Men looking up to heaven found this thats mine,
 Digging to find out hell they li't on thine.

Trag. I know you have tongue enough.

Come. Besides my Birth-right
 Gives me the first possession.

Trag. How, your Birth-right?

Come. Yes sister, Birth-right: and a Crown besides,
 Put on before the Altar of *Apollo*

By his deare Priest *Phenomee*, she that first
 Full of her God rag'd in Heroique numbers.

Trag. How came it then the magistrate decreed
 A publique charge to furnish out my *Chorus*,

When you were faine t' appeare in rags and tatters,
 And at your own expences?

Come. My reward
 Came after, my deserts went before yours.

Trag. Deserts? yes! what deserts, when like a gypsie
 You took a poor and beggarly Pilgrimage

From village unto village; when I then
 As a fit ceremony of Religion

In my full state contended at the Tombe
 Of mighty *Thesens*.

Come. I before that time

Did

Did chaunt out Hymnes in praise of great *Apollo*;
 The shepheards Deitie, whom they reverence
 Vnder the name of *Nomius*, in remembrance
 How with them once he kept *Admetus* sheep.
 And 'cause you urge my poverty, what were you?
 Till *Sophocles* laid guilt upon your Buskins
 You had no ornaments, no robes of state,
 No rich and glorious Scene; your first Benefactors
 Who were they, but the reeling Preists of *Bacchus*;
 For which a Goat gave you reward and name?
Trag. But sister who were yours, I pray, but such
 As chaunted forth religious, bawdy sonnets,
 In honour of the fine chaste God *Priapus*?
Come. Let age alone, merit must plead our Title.
Trag. And have you then the forehead to contend?
 I stalk in Princes Courts, great Kings, and Emperours,
 From their close cabinets, and Councell Tables
 Yeild me the fatall matter of my Scene.
Come. Inferiour persons, and the lighter vanities,
 (Of which this age I feare is grown too fruitfull,)
 Yeild subjects various enough to move
 Plentifull laughter.
Trag. Laughter! a fit object
 For Poetry to ayme at.
Come. Yes, Laughter is my object: tis a propertie
 In man essentiall to his reason.
Trag. So;
 But I move horror, and that frights the guilty
 From his deare sinnes: he that sees *Oedipus*
 Incestuous, shall behold him blind withall.
 Who views *Orestes* as a Parricide,

Shall

Shall see him lash'd with *Furies* too; Th' Ambitious
Shall feare *Prometheus* Vultur; Daring Gluttony
Stand frighted at the sight of *Tantalus*:

And every Family great in sinnes as Blood
Shake at the memory of *Pelops* house.

Who will relye on Fortunes giddy smile
That hath seene *Priam* acted on the stage!

Com. You move with fear, I work as much with shame,
A thing more powerfull in a generous brest.

Who sees an eating Parasite abus'd;
A covetous Bawd laugh'd at; an ignorant Gull
Cheated; a glorious Souldier knockt, and baffle'd;

A crafty servant whipt; a niggard Churle
Hoarding up dicing-monies for his sonne;

A spruce fantastique Courtier, a mad roarer,
A jealous Tradesman, an over-weening Lady,

Or corrupt Lawyer rightly personated,
But (if he have a blush), will blush and shame
As well to act those follies as to owne them.

Trag. The subject of my Scene is in the persons
Greater, as in the vices; Atheists, Tyrants,
O'redaring Favorites, Traytours, Parasites,
The Wolves and Cats of state, which in a language

High as the men, and loud as are their crimes
I thunder forth with terrour and amazement
Vnto the gastly wondring Audience.

Satyre. And as my Lady takes deserved place
Of thy light Mistresse, so yeild thou to me,
Fantastique *Mime*.

Mime. Fond *Satyre* why to thee?

Sat. As the Attendant of the nobler Dame,
And of my selfe more worthy.

Mime. How more worthy?

Sat. As one whose whip of Steele can with a lash
Imprint the Characters of shame so deepe,
Even in the brazen forehead of proud sinne,
That not eternity shall weare it out.

When I but frown'd in my *Lucilius* brow,
Each conscious cheek grew red, and a cold trembling
Freez'd the chill soule; while every guilty brest
Stood fearfull of dissection, as afraid

To be anatomiz'd by that skilfull hand;
And have each artery, nerve, and veine of sinne
By it laid open to the publique skorne.

I have untruss'd the proudest, greatest tyrants
Have quak'd below my powerfull whip, halfe dead

With expectation of the smarting jerke,
Whose wound no salve can cure: each blow doth leave
A lasting scar, that with a poison eates

Into the marrow of their fames and lives;
Th' eternall ulcer to their memories!

What can your Apish fine-gesticulations
My manlike-Munkye *Mime*, vie downe to this?

Mime. When men through sinnes were grown unlike
the Gods,

Apes grew to be like men; therefore I think

My Apish imitation, Brother Beadle,

Does as good service to reforme bad manners

As your proud whip, with all his ferkes, and jerkes.

The *Spartans* when they strove to expresse the loath-
somesse

Of

Of Drunkenesse to their Children, brought a slave,
Some captive, *Helot*, overcharg'd with wine
Reeling in thus; -- His eyes shot out with staring,
A fire in his nose, a burning rednesse
Blazing in either cheek, his haire upright,
His tongue and senses faltring, and his stomach
Oreburden'd ready to discharge her load
In each mans face he met. This made 'em see
And hate that sinne of swine, and not of men.
Would I expresse a complementall youth,
That thinks himselfe a spruce and expert Courtier,
Bending his supple hamis, kissing his hands,
Honouring shoo-strings, scruing his writh'd face
To severall postures of affection,
Dancing an entertainment to his friend,
Who would not think it a ridiculous motion?
Yet such there be that very much please themselves
In such like Antique humours. To our own sinns
We will be Moles, even to the grossest of 'em,
But in anothers life we can spye forth
The least of faults, with eyes as sharpe as eagles,
Or the *Epidaurian* serpent: Now in me,
Where selfe-love casts not her *Aegyptian* mists,
They find this mis-becoming foppishnesse,
And afterwards apply it to themselves:
This (*Satyre*) is the use of *Mimique* Elves.
Trage. Sister let's lay this poore contention by,
And friendly live together; if one wombe
Could hold us both, why should we think this roome
Too narrow to containe us? On this stage

Weele

Weele plead a tryall; and in one year contend
Which shall doe best, that past, she then that shall
By the most sacred and impartiall judgment
Of our *Apollo*, best deserve the Bayes,
Shall hold the entire possession of the place:

Come. I were unworthy if I should
Appeale from his tribunall; Be it so:

I doubt not but his censure runs with me;
Never may any thing that's sad and tragicall
Dare to approach his Presence; let him be
So happy as to think no man is wretched,
Or that there is a thing call'd miserie.

Trag. Such is my praier, that he may only see,
Not be the subject of a Tragedie!

Sister, a truce till then; that vice may bleed
Let us joyne whips together.

Come. 'Tis agreed.

Mime, let it be your office to prepare
The Masque which we intended:

Mime. 'Tis my care.

Exeunt.

Flow. How did she say? a Masse? Brother fly hence,
Fly hence, Idolatry will overtake us.

Rosci. It was a Masque she spake of, a rude Dance
Presented by the seven deadly sinnes.

Bird. Still 'tis a Masse, sister, away, Itell you
It is a masse, a masse, a masse of vile Idolatry.

Rosci. 'Tis but a simple Dance, brought in to shew
The native fowlness and deformitie

of

Of our deare sinne, and what an ugly guest
He entertaines, admits him to his Brest!

Song and Dance.

Say, in a Dance how shall we goe,
That never could a measure knowe!
How shall we sing to please the Scene
That never yet could keepe a meane?
Disorder is the Masque we bring,
And Discords are the Tunes we sing.
No sound in our harsh eares can find a place
But highest Trebles, or the lowest Base.

Flow. See Brother, if mens hearts and Consciences
Had not been scar'd, and cauterized, how could they
Affect these filthy harbingers of hell!

These Proctors of *Belzebub*, *Lucifers* Hinch-boyes!

Rosci. I pray yee stirre your selves within a while.

Exeunt.

Roscius Solus.

And here, unlesse your favourable mildnesse
With hope of mercy doe encourage us,
Our Author bids us end: he dares not venture
Neither what's past, nor that which is to come
Vpon his Country, 'tis so weake, and impotent
It cannot stand a triall; nor dares hope
The benefit of his Cleargy; But if rigour
Sit Iudge, must of necessity be condemn'd

C

To

To *Vulcan* or the Spunge: All he can plead
 Is a desire of Pardon; for he brings you
 No plot at all, but a meere *Olla Podrida*,
 A medly of ill-plac'd, and worse pen'd humours.
 His desire was in single Scenes to shew
 How Comedy presents each single vice
 Ridiculous, whose number as their Character
 He borrowes from the man to whom he owes
 All the poore skill he has, great *Aristotle*.
 Now if you can endure to heare the rest,
 Y^e are welcome; if you cannot, doe but tell
 Your meaning by some signe, and all farewell.
 If you will stay resolve to pardon first;
 Our Author will deserve it by offending.
 Yet if he misse a Pardon, as in Iustice
 You cannot grant it, though your mercy may,
 Still he hath this left for a comfort to him,
 That he picks forth a subject of his Rime
 May loose perchance his credit, not his time.

Finis Actus 1.

Exit.

ACTVS 2. SCENA 1.

Roscius. Bird. Flowrdew.

Rosc.

R Ecceive your places. The first that we present
 are the Extreames of a vertue necessary in our
 Conversation, call'd *Comitas* or *Courtesy*,
 which, as all other vertues, hath her deviations from the
 Mean. The one *Colax*, that to seeme over Courteous falls
 into a servile flattery, the other (as fooles fall into the con-
 traries

traries which they shunne) is Dyscolus, who hating to bee a slavish Parasite growes into peevishnesse and impertinent distast.

Flou. I thought you taught two vices for one vertue!

Rosci. So does Philosophy, but the Actors enter.

Colax. Dyscolus.

Colax. How farre they sinne against humanity
That use you thus! Believe me 'tis a Symptom
Of Barbarisme, and rudenesse so to vex
A gentle, modest nature as yours is.

Dysco. Why dost thou vex me then?

Colax. I? Heaven defend!

My breeding has been better, I vex you?

You that I know so vertuous, just, and wise,

Sopious and religious, so admir'd

So lov'd of all?

Dysc. Wilt thou not leave me then

Eternall Torture? could your cruelty find

No back but mine that you thought broad enough

To beare the load of all these Epithites?

Pious? Religious? he takes me for a foole.

Vertuous? and Iust? Sir, did I ever chear you,

Cozen, or gull you, that you call me just

And vertuous? I am grown the common scoff

Of all the world; the scoff of all the world.

Colax. The world is grown too vile then.

Dysc. So art thou.

Heaven! I am tun'd ridiculous!

Colax. You ridiculous?

But 'tis as impious Age; There was a time,

(And pitty'tis so good a time had wings
 To fly away,) when reverence was payd
 To a gray head; 'twas held a sacriledge
 Not expiable to deny respect
 To one, Sir, of your years and Gravity.
Dysc. My yeares and gravity! Why how ol d am I?
 I am not rotten yet, or grown so ranke
 As I should smell oth'grave: O Times and manners!
 Well *Colax*, well, goe on: you may abuse me,
 Poore dust, and ashes, wormes meat, yeares & gravity.
 He takes me for a Carkasse! what see you
 So crazy in me? I have halfe my Teeth:
 I see with spectacles, doe I not? and can walke too
 With th' benefit of my staffe: marke if I cannot!--
 But you sit at your pleasure with years and gravity
 Think me decrepit.

Colax. How? Decrepit sir!

I see young roses bud within your cheeks;
 And a quick active blood run free and fresh
 Through your veines.

Dysco. I am turn'd boy again!

A very stripling schooleboy! have I not
 The Itch and kibes? am I not scabb'd and mangy
 About the wrists and hams?

Colax. Still *Dyscolus*--

Dysc. *Dyscolus*! and why *Dyscolus*? when 'were we
 Grown so familiar? *Dyscolus*! by my name
 Sure we are *Pylades* and *Orestes*! are we not?
 Speak good *Pylades*.

Colax. Nay worthy Sir

Pardon

Pardon my error, 'twas without intent
Of an offence. Ile finde some other name
To call you by--

Dysc. What doe you mean to call mee?
Foole? Affe? or Knave? my name is not so bad
As that I am asham'd on't.

Colax. Still you take all worse then it was meant,
You are too Iealous.

Dysc. Iealous? I ha' not cause for't: my wifes honest;
Dost see my hornes? Doe'st? if thou doest,
Write Cuckold in my forehead; doe, write Cuckold
With *Aqua-fortis*, doe. Iealous! I am jealous;
Free of the Company! wife, I am jealous.

Colax. I mean suspicious.

Dysc. How, suspicious?

For what? for Treason, Felony, or Murder?

Carry me to the Iustice: bind me over

For a suspicious person: hang me too

For a suspicious person! O, O, O

Some courteous plague ceaze me, and free my soule

From this immortall Torment! every thing

I meet with, is vexation, and this, this

Is the vexation of vexations,

The Hell of Hells, and Divell of all Divells.

Flow. For pittie sake fret not the good old Gentleman.

Dysc. O! have I not yet torments great enough,

But you must adde to my affliction?

Eternall silence ceaze you!

Colax. Sir we strive

To please you, but you still misconstrue us.

Dyfc. I must be pleas'd! a very babe, an infant!
 I must be pleas'd! give me some pappe, or plummes:
 Buy me a rattle, or a hobby-horse,
 To still me, doe! be pleas'd? wouldst have me get
 A Parasite to be flatter'd?

Col. How? a Parasite?

A cogging, flatt'ring, slavish Parasite:
 Things I abhorre and hate. Tis not the belly
 Shall make my brains a captive. Flatterers!
 Soules below reason will not steepe so low
 As to give up their Liberty, only flatterers
 Move by anothers wheele. They have no passions
 Free to themselves. All their affections,
 Qualities, humors, appetites, desires,
 Nay wishes, voves, and prayers, discourse & thoughts
 Are but anothers Bondman. Let me tugg
 At the Turkes Gallies, be eternally
 Damn'd to a Quarry: In this state my minde
 Is free: A flatterer has nor soule nor body
 What shall I say? -- No I applaud your temper,
 That in a generous bravenesse take distast
 At such whose servile nature strives to please you.
 Tis royall in you Sir.

Dyfc. Ha! Whats that?

Colax. A feather stuck upon your cloak.

Dyfc. A feather!

And what have you to doe with my feathers?
 Why should you hinder me from telling th' world
 I doe not lye on flockbeds?

Colax. Pray be pleas'd.

I brusht it off for meere respect I bare you.
Dysc. Respect! a fine respect, Sir, is it not,
 To make the world believe I nourish vermine?
 O death, death, death, if that our graves hatch wormes
 Without tongues to torment us, let 'um have
 What teeth they will. I meet not here an object
 But adds to my affliction! Sure I am not
 A man; I could not then be so ridiculous:
 My eares are overgrown, I am an Asse;
 It is my eares they gaze at. What strange *Harpy*
Centaure, or *Gorgon* am I turn'd into?
 What *Circe* wrought my Metamorphosis?
 If I be beast, she might haue made me Lyon,
 Or something not ridiculous! O *Aëteon*,
 If I doe branch like thee, it is my fortune!
 Why look they on me else? There is with in
 A Glasse they say, that has strange qualities in it;
 That shall resolve me. I will in to see
 Whether or no I man or Monster be. *Exit.*

SCEN. II,

To them *Deilus*, *Aphobus*.

Bird. Who be these? They look like Presumption and
 Delpaire.

Rosc. And such they are. That is *Aphobius*, one that
 out of an impious confidence fears nothing. The other
Deilus, that from an Atheisticall distrust, shakes at the
 motion of a reed. These are the Extreame of Fortitude,
 that steeres an even course between over much daring,
 and overmuch fearing.

Flower

Flowr. Why stayes this reprobate *Colax*?

Rosc. Any vice

Yeelds work for Flattery.

Flow. A good Doctrine marke it.

Deilus. Is it possible? did you not fear it, say you?

To me the meere relation is an ague.

Good *Aphobus* no more such terrible stories,

I would not for a world lye alone to night:

I shall have such strange dreames!

Apho. What can there be

That I should fear? The Gods? If they be good,

Tis sin to fear them; if not good, no Gods,

And then let them fear me. Or are they Divells

That must affright me?

Deilus. Diuells! where good *Aphobus*?

I thought there was some conjuring abroad.

Tis such a terrible wind! O here it is;

Now it is here again! O still, still, still!

Apho. Whats the matter?

Deilus. Still it followes me!

The thing in black, behind; soone as the Sun

But shines, it haunts mee! Gentle spirit leave mee!

Cannot you lay him *Aphobus*? what an ugly looks it has!

With eyes as big as sawcers, nostrills wider

Then Barbers basons!

Apho. Tis nothing *Deilus*

But your weak Phancy, that from every object

Drawes arguments of fear. This terrible black thing---

Deil. Wher is it *Aphobus*?

Apho.---Is but your shadow *Deilus*.

Deil.

Deil. And should not we fear shadowes?

Apho. No! why should we?

Deil. Who knows but they come learing after us
To steale away the substance? Watch him *Aphobus*.

Apho. I nothing fear.

Colax. I doe commend your valour,
That fixes your great soule fast as a Center,
Not to be mov'd with dangers, let slight cock-boats
Be shaken with a wave, while you stand firme
Like an undaunted rock, whose constant hardnesse
Rebeats the fury of the raging Sea,
Dashing it into froth. Base fear doth argue
A low degenerate soule.

Deil. Now I fear every thing.

Colax. Tis your discretion. Every thing has danger,
And therefore every thing is to be feared.

I doe applaud this wisdom: Tis a symptome
Of wary providence. His too confident rashnesse
Argues a stupid ignorance in the soule,
A blind and senselesse judgement; give me feare
To man the fort, 'tis such a circumspect
And wary sentinell--

Flow. Now shame take thee for
A Lukewarme formalist.

Colax. --- But daring valour
Vncapable of danger sleepest securely,
And leaves an open entrance to his enemies.

Deil. What are they landed?

Apho. Who?

Deil. The enemies.

D

That

That *Colax* talkes of.

Apho. If they be I care not.

Though they be Gyants all, and arm'd with thunder.

Deil. Why doe you not feare Thunder?

Apho. Thunder? no!

No more then squibs and crackers.

Deil. Squibs and crackers?

I hope there be none here! slid, squibs and crackers!

The meere Epitomes of the Gun-powder Treason,

Faux in a lesser volume.

Apho. Let fooles gaze

At bearded starres, it is all one to mee

As if they had been shav'd---thus, thus would I

Out-beard a Meteour, for I might as well

Name it a prodigy when my candle blazes.

Deil. Is there a Comet say you? Nay I saw it,

It reach'd from *Pauls* to *Charing*, and portends

Some certain imminent danger to th' inhabitants.

Twixt those two places: I'll goe get a lodging

Out of its Influence.

Colax. Will that serve? -- I feare

It threatens generall ruine to the Kingdome.

Deil. I'll to some other Country.

Colax. There's danger too to crosse the Seas.

Deil. Is there no way, good *Colax*,

To crosse the Sea by Land? O the scituation!

The horrible scituation of an Island

Colax. You sir are farre above such frivolons thoughts.

You feare not death.

Apho. Not I.

Col.

Col. Not sudden death.

Apho. No more then sudden sleepes: Sir I dare dye.

Deil. I dare not; Death to me is terrible:

I will not dye.

Apho. How can you Sir prevent it?

Deil. Why I will kill my selfe.

Col. A valiant course;

And the right way to prevent death indeed.

Your spirit is true Roman!--But yours greater

That fear not death, nor yet the manner of it,

Should Heaven fall--

Apho. Why then we should have Larkes.

Deil. I shall never eate Larkes again while I breath.

Col. Or should the earth yawn like a sepulcher,

And with an open throat swallow you quick?

Apho. T'would save me the expences of a grave.

Deil. I had rather trouble my Exequutors by'the half.

Apho. Canons to me are pot-guns.

Deil. Potguns to me

Are Canons; the report will strike me dead.

Apho. A rapier's but a bodkin.

Deil. And a bodkin.

Is a most dangerous weapon; since I read

Of *Iulius Cæsars* death, I durst not venture

Into a Tailors shop for fear of Bodkins.

Apho. O that the valiant Gyants would again

Rebell against the Gods, and besiege Heaven,

So I might be their leader.

Col. Had *Enceladus*

Been halfe so valiant, *Iove* had been his prisoner.

Apho. Why should we think there be such things as dangers?

Scylla, Charybdis, Python are but fables.

Medeas Bull, and Dragon very tales.

Sea monsters, serpents, all Poeticall figments.

Nay Hell it selfe, and *Acheron* meere inventions.

Or were they true, as they are false, should I be

So timorous as to fear these Bugbeare Harpyes,

Medusa's, Centaurs, Gorgons?

Deil. O good *Aphobus*.

Leave conjuring, or take me into th' circle.

What shall I doe good *Colax*?

Col. Sir walke in,

There is they say a Looking-glasse, a strange one

Of admirable vertues, that will render you

Free from enchantments.

Dei. How a Looking-glasse?

Dost think I can endure it? why there lies

A man within't in ambush to entrap me.

I did but lift my hand up, and he presently

Catcht at it.

Colax. 'Twas the shadow Sir of your selfe.

Trust me a meere reflection.

Deil. I will trust thee.

Exit.

Apho. What Glasse is that?

Colax. A trick to fright the Idiot

Out of his wits, a glasse so full of dread

Rending unto the eye such horrid spectacles

As would amaze even you. Sir I doe think

Your optick nerves would shrink in the beholding.

This

This if your eye endure, I will confesse you
The Prince of Eagles.

Apho. Look to it eyes, if yee refuse this sight,
My nayles shall damne you to eternall night.

Exit.

Col. Seing no hope of gain, I pack them hence,
'Tis gold gives flattery all her Eloquence.

SCEN. 3.

Acolastus. Anaisthetus.

Rosci. Temperance is the mediocrity of inioying pleasures, when they are present, and a moderate desire of them being absent; And these are the extreames of that vertue.

Acolastus a voluptuous Epicure, that out of an immoderate, and untam'd desire seekes after all pleasures promiscuously, without respect of honest or lawfull. The other *Anaisthetus* a meere Anchorite that delights in nothing, not in those legitimate recreations allow'd, of by God and nature.

Acolast. O now for an eternity of eating!
Foole was he that wish'd but a cranes short neck.

Give me one, nature, long as is a Cable,
Or sounding line, and all the way a palate
To tast my meate the longer. I would have
My senses feast together; Nature envied us
In giving single pleasures; let me have
My eares, eyes, palate, nose, and touch, at once!
Injoy their happinesse; lay me in a bed
Made of a summers cloud, to my embraces

D3

Give

Give me a *Venus* hardly yet fiftene,
 Fresh, plump, and active; she that *Mars* enjoy'd
 Is grown too stale: And then at the same instant
 My Touch is pleas'd, I would delight my sight
 With Pictures of *Diana*, and her Nymphs,
 Naked, and bathing drawn by some *Apelles*;
 By them some of our fairest Virgins stand;
 That I may see whether 'tis Art or nature
 Which heightens most my blood and appetite.
 Nor cease I here. Give me the seven Orbes
 To charme my eares with their coelestiall lutes,
 To which the Angels that doe move those spheares
 Shall sing some amorous ditty; nor yet here
 Fixe I my bounds; The sunne himselfe shall fire
 The Phoenix nest to make me a perfume,
 While I doe eate the Bird, and eternally
 Quasse of eternall Nectar. These single, are
 But torments, but together; O together!
 Each is a Paradice. Having got such objects
 To please the senses, give me senses too
 Fit to receive those objects: Give me therefore
 An Eagles eye, a blood-hounds curious smell,
 A staggs quick hearing, let my feeling be
 As subtle as the spiders, and my tast
 Sharpe as a Squirrils. Then I'll reade the *Alcoran*,
 And what delights that promises in future
 I'll practise in the present.
Bird, Heathenish Glutton!
Flow. Base belly- God, licentious Libertine!
Anai. And I doe think there is no pleasure at all

But

But in contemning pleasures; Happy *Niebe*
And blessed *Daphne*, and all such as are
Turn'd stocks and stones: would I were Lawrell too,
Or marble, I, or any thing insensible.

It is a toyle for me to eate or drink,
Only for natures satisfaction;
Would I could live without it. To my eare

Musique is but a mandrake. To my smell
Nard sent of rue, and wormwood; And I taste
Nectar with as much loathing, and distast
As Gall, or aloes, or my Doctors potion.

My eye can meete no object but I hate it.

Acola. Come Brother Stoique be not so melancholy.

Anai. Be not so foolish Brother *Epicure*.

Aco. Come wee'le goe see a Comedy, that will raise
Thy heavy spirits up.

Anai. A Comedy?

Sure I delight much in those toyes; I can
With as much patience heare the Marriners
Chide in a storme.

Aco. Then lets goe drinke a while.

Anai. 'Tis too much Labour; Happy *Tantalus*
That never drinks.

Aco. A little Venery
Shall recreate thy soule.

Ana. Yes like anitch,
For 'tis no better, I could wish an heire;
But that I cannot take the paines to get one.

Aco. Why, marry, if your conscience be so tender,
As not to doe it otherwise; Then 'tis lawfull.

Ana.

Ann. True Matrimony's nothing else indeed
 But fornication licens'd, lawfull Adultery.
 O Heavens! how all my senses are wide sluces
 To let in discontent and miseries!
 How happy are the moles that have no eyes;
 How blest the Adders that they have no cares.
 They neither see, nor heare ought that afflicts them,
 But happier they that have no sence all;
 That neither see, nor heare, tast, smell, nor feele
 Any thing to torment them: soules were given
 To torture Bodies, man has reason too
 To adde unto the heape of his distractions.
 I can see nothing without sense, and motion,
 But I doe wish my selfe transform'd into it.

Colax. Sir I comend this temperance, your arm'd soule
 Is able to contemne these petty baits,
 These slight temptations, which we tittle pleasures;
 That are indeed but names; He'ven it selfe knows
 No such like thing; the starres nor eate, nor drink,
 Nor lye with one another; and you imitate
 Those glorious bodies, by which noble abstinence
 You gaine the names of moderate, chaste, and sober;
 While this effeminate gets the infamous termes
 Of Glutton, Drunkard, and Adulterer;
 Pleasures, that are not mans, as man is man,
 But as his nature sympathies with beasts.
 You shall be the third *Cato*. This grave look
 And rigid eyebrow will become a censor.
 But I will fit you with an object sir,
 My noble *Anaisthetus* that will please you.

It is a Looking-glasse, wherein at once
 You may see all the dismall groves and caves,
 The horrid vaults, darke cells, and barren deserts,
 With what in Hell it selfe can dismall be.

Anais. That is indeed a Prospect fit for mee. *Exit.*

Acol. He cannot see a stock or stone, but presently
 He wishes to be turn'd to one of those.

I have another humor, *I* cannot see
 A fat voluptuous sow with full delight
 Wallow in dirt, but *I* doe wish my selfe
 Transform'd into that blessed Epicure.
 Or when *I* view the hot salacious sparrow
 Renew his pleasures with fresh appetite,
I wish my selfe that little bird of Love.

Colax. It shewes you a man of a soft moving clay,
 Not made of flint; Nature has been bountifull
 To provide pleasures, and shall wee be niggards
 At plenteous boards? He's a discourteous guest
 That will observe a diet at a feast.

When Nature thought the earth alone too litle
 To find us meat, and therefore stor'd the aire
 With winged creatures, not contented yet
 Shee made the water fruitfull to delight us.

Nay *I* believe the other Element too
 Doth nurse some curious dainty for mans food,
 If we would use the skill to catch the Salamander:
 Did she doe this to have us eat with temperance?

Or when she gave so many different Odors
 Of spices, unguents, and all sorts of flowers,
 Shee cry'd not--stop your noses: would she give us

E

So

So sweet a quire of wing'd Musicians
 To have us deafe? or when shee plac'd us here,
 Here in a Paradice, where such pleasing prospects
 So many ravishing colours entice the eye,
 Was it to have us winker when she bestow'd
 So powrefull faces, such commanding beauties
 On many glorious Nymphs, was it to say
 Be chaste and continent? Not to enjoy
 All pleasures, and at full, were to make nature
 Guilty of that she nere was guilty of,
 A vanity in her works.

Acol. A learned Lecture!

Tis fit such grave and solid arguments
 Have their reward--- here--- halfe of my estate
 T'invent a pleasure never tasted yet,
 That I may be the first shall make it stale.

Col. Within Sir is a Glasse, that by reflexion
 Doth shew the image of all sorts of pleasures
 That ever yet were acted, more variety
 Then *Aretines* pictures.

Aco. Ile see the Jewell;
 For though to doe, most moves my appetite,
 I love to see, as well as act delight. *Exit.*

Bird. These are the things indeed the stage doth teach,
 Dear heart, what a foule sinke of sinnes runne here!

Flom. Insooth it is the common shore of lewdnesse.

SCENE

SCEN. 4.

Afotus. Anelutherus.

Rosc. These are Anelutherus an illiberall Niggardly
Usurer, that will sell heaven to purchase Earth. That his
sonne Afotus, a profuse Prodigall, that will sell earth to
 buy Hell. The extreames of Liberality which prescribes
 a mediocrity in the Getting and Spending of Riches.

Anelcu. Come boy, goe with me to the Scriveners, goe,

Afot. I was in hope you would have said a Bawdy
 house.

Anel. Thence to th'exchange.

Afot. No, to the Taverne Father.

Anel. Be a good husband boy, follow my counsell.

Afot. Your counsell: No dad, take you mine

And be a good fellow-- shall we goe and roare?

Slid Father I shall never live to spend

That you have got already-- Poxe of attorneys,

Merchants, and Scriveners, I would heare you talke

Of Drawers, Punks, and Panders.

Anel. Prodigall child!

Thou dost not know the sweets of getting wealth.

Afot. Nor you the pleasure that I take in spending it.

To feed on Caveare, and eat Anchoves!

Anel. *Afotus*, my dear sonne, talke not to me

Of your Anchoves, or your Caveare.

No, feed on Widdowes, have each meale an Orphan

Serv'd to your Table, or a glibbery heire

With all his lands melted into a morgage.

The Gods themselves feed not on such fine dainties,
Such fattening, thriving diet.

Astot. Trust me Sir,

I am ashamed la-- now to call you Father,
Ne're trust me now I am, come be a Gentleman:

One of your haveings, and thus carke and care?

Come, I will send for a whole coach or two

Of *Bankside* Ladies, and wee will be Ioviall!

Shall the World say you pine and pinch for nothing?

Well doe your pleasure, keep me short of monies,

When you are dead, as dyel hope you must,

Ile make a shift to spend one halfe at least

Ere you are coffin'd, and the other halfe

Ere you are fully laid into your grave.

Were not you better help away with some of it?

But you will starve your selfe, that when y' are rotten,

One-- Have at all of mine may set it flying.

And I will have your bones cut into dice,

And make you guilty of the spending of it.

Or I will get a very handsome bowle

Made of your scull, to drink't away in healths.

Anel. That's not the way to thrive! No fit and brood

On thy estate, as yet it is not hatch'd

Into maturity.

Astot. Marry I will brood upon it,

And hatch it into chickens, capons, hens,

Larks, thrushes, quails, wood-cocks, snites & pheasants.

The best that can be got for love or money.

There is no life to drinking!

Anel. O yes, yes,

Exaction

Exaction, usury, and oppression.

Twenty i'th' hundred is a very Necessar.

And wilt thou, wastfull lad, spend in a supper
What I with sweat and labour, care and industrie

Have been an age a scraping up together:

No, no *Astolus*, trust gray-head experience;

As I have been an oxe, a painfull oxe,

A diligent, toyling, and laborious oxe

To plow up Gold for thee; so I would have thee--

Astol. Be a fine silly Assie to keepe it.

Anel. Be a good watchfull Dragon to preserve it.

Colax. Sir, I overheard your wise instructions,

And wonder at the gravitie of your counsell.

This wild unbridled boy is not yet grown

Acquainted with the world; He has not felt

The weight of need, that want is vertue's clog;

Of what necessity, respect and value

Wealth is; how base and how contemptible

Poverty makes us. Liberality

In some circumstances may be allow'd;

As when it has no end but honesty,

With a respect of person, quantity,

Quality, time and place; but this profuse,

Vaine, injudicious spending speaks him *Astol.*

And yet the best of liberalitie

Is to be liberall to our selves; and thus

Your wisdom is most liberall, and knowes

How fond a thing it is for discreet men

To purchase with the losse of their estate

The name of one poore vertue liberalitie.

E 3

And

*See from no
for to want
any arms
but our own
will*

And that too only from the mouth of beggers.
 One of your judgment would not I am sure
 Buy all the vertues at so deare a rate.
 Nor are you fir, I dare presume, so fond
 As for to weigh your gains by the strict scale
 Of equity, and Iustice; Names invented
 To keepe us beggers! I would counsell now
 Your son to tread no steps but yours, for they
 Will certainly direct him the broad way
 That leads unto the place wher Plenty dwels,
 And shee shall give him honour.

Anel. Your tongue is pow'rfull:

Pray read this Lecture to my sonne, I goe
 To find my scriv'ner, who is gone I heare
 To a strange Glasse wherein all things appeare. *Exit.*

Asot. To see if it can shew him his lost cares.

Now to your Lecture.

Col. And to such a one

As you will be a willing Pupill to.

Think you I meant all that I told your father?

No, 'twas to blind the eyes of the old Huncks.

I love a man like you that can make much

Of his blest Genius: Miracle of Charity!

That open hand becomes thee, Let thy Father

Scrape like the Dunghill cock the dirt, and mire,

To find a pretious Gemme for thee, the Chicken

Of the white Hen to weare. It is a wonder

How such a generous branch as you, could spring

From that old root of damned avarice!

For every widdowes house the father swallows,

The

The sonne should spue a Taverne. How are we
Richer then others, not in having much,
But in bestowing;
And that shines glorious in you. The chuffs crownes
Imprison'd in his rusty chest me thinks
I heare groan out, and long till they be thine,
In hope to see the light againe. Thou canst not
Stand in a flood of Nectar up to th' chin,
And yet not dare to sup it, nor canst suffer
The Golden Apples dangle at thy lips,
But thou wilt tast the fruit. 'Tis generous this!
Asot. Gramercy, thou shalt be Doctor o' th' chaire.

Here--'tis too little, but 'tis all my store,
I'll into pompe my dad, and fetch thee more. *Exit.*

Colax. How like you now, my art: 'is't not a subtile once?

Flow. Now out upon thee thou lewd reprobate!
Thou man of sinne, and shame, that sowest cushions
Vnto the elbowes of iniquity.

Colax. I doe commend this zeale; you cannot be
Too fervent in a cause so full of goodnesse.

There is a generall frost hath ceas'd devotion,
And without such like ardent flames as these

There is no hope to thaw it. The word, Puritane,

That I doe glorify, and esteeme reverend,

As the most sanctified, pure, and holiest Sect

Of all professours, is by the profane

Vs'd for a name of infamy, a by-word, a slander;

That I sooth vice I doe but flatter them,

As we give children plums to learn their praiers,

T' entice them to the truth, and by faire meanes

Work

Work out their reformation.

Bird. 'Tis well done,
I hope hee'le become a brother, and make
A Separatist!

Flow. You shall have the devotions
Of all the Elders, But this foppinesse
Is wearysome, I could at our Saint *Antlings*,
Sleeping and all, sit twenty times as long,
Rosc. Goe in with me to recreate your spirits,
As Musique theirs, with some refreshing song,
Whose patience our rude Scene hath held too long.

Finis Actus 2.

Exeunt

ACTVS 3. SCENA I.

Roscus. Bird. Flowrdew.

Bird. I will no more of this abomination.

Rosc. The end crownes every action, stay till that,
Iust Iudges will not be prejudicate.

Flow. Pray sir continue still the moralizing.

Rosc. The next we present are the extreame of Magnificence, who teaches a Decorum in great expences, as Liberality in the lesser: One is Banauus, out of a meere ostentation vaine-gloriously expensive; the other Microprepes one in glorious works extreamely base and penurious.

Banauus. Microprepes.

Banau. Being borne not for our selves but for our
freinds,

Our country and our glory, it is fit
We doe expresse the majesty of our foules

In

In deeds of bounty and magnificence.

Micro. The world is full of vanity, and fond fooles
Promise themselves a name from building Churches
Or any thing that tends to the Republique,
'Tis the Re-private that I study for.

Banau. First therefore for the fame of my Republique,
I'll imitate a brave Egyptian King,
And plant such store of onions, and of garlike,
As shall maintaine so many thousand workmen,
To th' building of a Pyamid at Saint *Albons*,
Vpon whose top I'll set a hand of brasse,
With a scrowle in't to shew the way to *London*,
For th' benefit of Travellers.

Colax. Excellent!

'Tis charity to direct the wandring Pilgrim.

Micro. I am Church-warden, and we are this yeare
To build our steeple up, now to save charges
I'll get a high crown'd hat with five Low-bels
To make a peale shall serve as well as *Bow*.

Colax. 'Tis wisely cast,

And like a carefull steward of the Church,
Of which the Steeple is no part, at least
No necessary one.

Bird. Verily 'tis true.

They are but wicked Synagogues where those instru-
ments

Of Superstition and Idolatry

Ring warning to sinne, and chime all in to the Divell.

Banau. And 'cause there is such swarmes of heresies
rising:

F

I'll

I'll have an Artist frame two wondrous weathercocks
Of Gold, to set on *Pauls*, and *Grantam* Steeple,
To shew to all the Kingdome what fashion next
The Wind of Humour hither means to blow.

Micro. A wicker chaire will fit them for a Pul-
pit.

Colax. It is the Doctrine sir that you respect.

Flow. Insooth I' have heard as wholesome instructions
From a zealous wicker chaire, as e're I did
From the carv'd Idoll of wainscoat.

Banau. Next, I intend to found an Hospitall
For the decay'd Professours of the Suburbs,
With a Colledge of Physitians too at *Chelisy*,
Only to study the cure of the French Poxe;
That so the sinners may acknowledge me
Their only benefactor, and repent.

Colax. You have a care sir of your countrie's health.

Micro. Then I will sell the lead to thatch the Chancell.

Ban. I have a rare device to set Dutch windmills
Vpon *New-market* Heath, and *Salisbury* Plaine,
To draine the Fens.

Colax. The Fens sir are not there.

Ban. But who knowes but they may be?

Col. Very right:

You aime at the prevention of a danger.

Micro. A Porters frock shall serve me for a surplice.

Flow. Indeed a Frock is not so Ceremonious.

Ban. But the great work in which I mean to glory,
Is in the raising a Cathedrall Church:

It shall be at *Hoggs-Norton*, with a paire

Of stately Organs, more then pity 'twere
 The Piggs should loose their skill for want of practice
Bird. Organs! fye on them for Babylonian Bagpipes!
Micro. Then for the painting, I bethink my selfe
 That I have scene in mother Red-caps Hall
 In painted cloath the story of the Prodigall.
Cola. And that will be for very good use and morall.
 Sir you are wise; what serve *Egyptian* Pyramids,
Ephesian Temples, *Babylonian* Towers,
Carian Coloss'es, *Traians* water-workes,
Domitians Amphitheaters, the vaine cost
 Of ignorance and prodigalitie!
 Rome flourish'd when her Capitoll was thatch'd,
 And all her Gods dwelt but in Cottages.
 Since *Parian* marble and *Corynthian* brasse
 Enter'd her gawdy Temples, soone shee fell
 To superstition, and from thence to ruine.
 You see that in our Churches, glorious Statues
 Rich Copes, and other ornaments of state
 Draw wandering eyes from their devotion,
 Vnto a wanton gazing, and that other
 Rich edifices, and such gorgeoustoyes
 Doe more proclaime our countries wealth then safety,
 And serve but like so many gilded baits
 T'entice a forreigne Foe to our invasion.
 Goe in, there is a Glasse will shew you sir,
 What sweet simplicity our Grandfires us'd,
 How in the Age of Gold no Church was gilded.

Exit. Micro.

Banan. O I have thought on't, I will straight way build

A free schoole here in *London*, a free schoole
 Forth' education of young Gentlemen
 To study how to drinke, and take Tobacco,
 To sweare, to roare, to dice, to drab, to quarrell:
 'Twill be the great *Gymnasium* of the Realme,
 The *Phrontisterium* of great Britayny.
 And for their better study I will furnish them
 With a large Library of Drapers bookes.
Colax. 'Twill put down *Bodlies*, and the *Vatican*.
 Royall *Banausus*! how many Sphears fly you
 Above the earthy dull *Microprepes*!
 I hope to live to see you build a stewes
 Shall out-brave *Venice*; To repaire old *Tiburne*
 And make it Cedar. This magnificent course
 Doth purchase you an immortality.
 In them you build your Honour to remaine
 Th-exemple and the wonder of Posterity.
 While other hidebound Churles doe grutch themselves
 The Charges of a Tombe.

Ban. But Ile have one
 In which Ile lye embalm'd with *Mirrhe* and *Cassia*,
 And richer unguents then th' *Egyptian* Kings.
 And all that this my pretious Tombe may furnish
 The Land with *Mummye*.

Colax. Yonder is a Glasse
 Will shew you plots and models of all monuments.
 Form'd the old way, you may invent a new
 'Twill make for your more glory.

Ban. *Colax* true.

Exit.

Rosc. These are the extreame of Magnanimity. *Caudus* &
 fellow

fellow so highly conceited of his own parts, that he thinks no honour above him; the other Micropsychus a base and low spirited fellow, that undervaluing his own qualities, dares not aspire to those dignities, that otherwise his merits are capable of.

SCEN. 2.

Caunus. Micropsychus.

Caun. I wonder that I hear no newes from Court.

Colax. All haile unto the honourable *Caunus*.

Caun. The honourable *Caunus*? Tis decreed

I am a Privy Counsellor; our new honors

Cannot so alter us as that we can.

Forget our Friends, walk with us our familiar.

Micro. It puzzles me to think what worth I have,

That they should put so great an honour on me.

Colax. Sir I doe know, and see, and so doe all

That have not wilfull blindnesse, what rare skill

Of wisdom, Policy, Iudgement and the rest

Of the state-vertues sit within this brest,

As if it were their Parliament; but as yet

I am not Sir the happy Messenger

That tels you you are cal'd unto the Helme;

Or that the Rudder of great Britany

Is put into your Hands, that you may steere

Our floating *Delos* till she be arriv'd

At the blest Port of Happinesse, and furnam'd

The *Fortunate Isle* from you that are the fortunate.

Caun. 'Tis strange that I the best experienc'd

The skilfulst and the rarest of all Carpenters,
 Should not be yet a Privy Counsellour!
 Surely the State wants eyes, or has drunke opium
 And sleepes; but when it wakes it cannot chuse
 But meet the glorious beams of my deserts
 Bright as the rising Sunne, and say to *England*,
England behold thy light!

Micro. Make me a constable!

Make me that am the simplest of my neighbours
 So great a Magistrate! so powerfull an officer!
 I blush at my unworthinesse: a Constable!
 The very Prince o'th' parish! you are one Sir
 Of an ability to discharge it better,
 Let me resigne to you.

Can. How? I a Constable?

What might I be in your opinion Sir?

Micro. A Carpenter of worship,

Can. Very well;
 And yet you would make me a Constable.

I'll evidently demonstrate that of all men
 Your Carpenters are best States-men; of all Carpenters
 I being the best, am best of Statesmen too:
 Imagine Sir the Common-wealth a Logge,
 Or a rude block of wood; your States-man comes,
 (For by that word I mean a Carpenter)
 And with the sawe of Policy divides it
 Into so many boards or severall orders,
 Of Prince, Nobility, Gentry, and the other
 Inferiour boards calld Vulgar, fit for nothing
 But to make styles, or planks to be trod over,

Or

Or trampled on : This addes unto the Logg
 Call'd Common-wealth at least some smal perfection:
 But afterwards he plains them, and so makes
 The Common-wealth, that was before a board,
 A pretty Waincoat; some he carves with Titles
 Of Lord, or Knight, or Gentleman; Some stand plain,
 And serve us more for use then Ornament,
 We call them Yeomen; (Boards now out of fashion.)
 And lest the disproportion breake the frame,
 He with the peggs of amity and concord,
 As with the glew-pot of good Government
 Ioynts 'em together, makes an absolute Edifice
 Of the Re-publique: State-skill'd *Machiavell*
 Was certainly a Carpenter; yet you thinke
 A Constable a Gyant Dignity.

Micro. Pray Heaven that *Icarus*-like I doe not melt:
 The waxen plumes of my ambition!
 Or that from this bright Chariot of the Sunne
 I fall not headlong down with *Phaeton*,
 I have aspir'd so high: make me a Constable
 That have not yet attain'd to the *Greeke* tongue!
 Why 'tis his office for to keepe the peace,
 His Majesties Peace: I am not fit to keepe
 His Majesties Hoggs, much lesse his Peace, the best
 Of all his jewells: How dare I presume
 To charge a man in the Kings name! I faint
 Vnder the burthen of so great a place,
 Whose weight might presse down *Atlas*: Magistrates
 Are only Sumpter-horses. Nay they threaten me
 To make me Warden of the Church.

Am:

Am I a Patriot? or have I ability
To present Knights-Recusant, Clergy-Reelers,
Or Gentlemen-Fornicators?

Colax. You have worth

Richly enamel'd with a modesty.

And though your lofty merit might sit crown'd
On *Caucasus*, or the *Pyrenean* mountaines,

You choose the humbler valley, and had rather
Grow a safe shrub below, then dare the winds,

And be a Cedar: Sir you know there is not

Halfe so much honour in the Pilots place

As danger in the storme. Poore windy Titles

Of Dignity, and offices that puffe up

The bubble pride till it swell big, and burst,

What are they but brave nothings? Toies call'd Ho-
nours

Make them on whom they are bestow'd no better

Then glorious slaves, the servants of the Vulgar:

Men sweat at Helme, as much as at the Oare.

There is a Glasse within shall shew you fir

The vanity of these filke-wormes, that doe think

They toile not, 'cause they spin so fine a thread.

Micro. I'll see it. Honour is a babies rattle,

And let blind *Fortune* where she will, bestow her;

Lay me on earth, and I shall fall no lower. *Exit.*

Can. *Colax* what newes?

Col. The *Persian* Emperour

Is desperately sick.

Can. Heaven take his soule!

When I am the Grand *Sophie*, as 'tis likely

It may be, *Colax* thou art made for ever.

Col. The Turke they say prepares again for *Poland*.

Cau. And I no *Bashaw* yet? *Sultan* repent it!

Col. The State of *Venice* too is in distraction.

Cau. And can that State be so supinely negligent,
As not to know whom they may choose their Duke?

Col. Our Merchants doe report th' inhabitants there

Are now in consultation, for the setting

The Crown upon a more deserving head

Then his that bears it.

Cau. Then my fortunes rise

On confident wings, and all my hopes fly certain.

Colax be bold: thou seest the *Prefter John*.

Well *England*, of all Countries in the World

Most blind to thy own good. other Nations

Wooe me to take the bridle in my hands

With gifts and presents, had I liv'd in *Rome*

Who durst with *Cannus* stand a candidate?

I might have choice of *Edile*, *Consull*, *Tribune*,

Or the perpetuall *Dictators* place.

I could discharge 'em all: I know my merits

Are large, and boundlesse: A *Cesar* might be hewed

Out of a Carpenter, if a skilfull workman

But undertooke it.

Colax. Tis a worthy confidence.

Let Birds of night and shame, with their owles eyes

Not dare to gaze upon the sunne of Honour;

They are no presidents for Eagles: Bats

Like dull *Microspsychus*; things of earth, and lead,

May love a private safety; men in whom

Prometheus has spent much of his stolne fire,
 Mount upwards like a flame, and court bright honour
 Hedg'd in with thousand dangers! Whats a man
 Without desert? and what's desert to him
 That does not know he has it? Is he rich
 That holds within his house some buried chests
 Of Gold, or Pearle, & knowes not where to look the?
 What was the Load-stone, till the use was found,
 But a fowle dotard on a fowler Mistresse?
 I praise your *Argus* eyes, that not alone
 Shoothe their beames for wards, but reflect and turne
 Back on themselves, and finde an object there
 More worthy their intentive contemplation.
 You are at home no stranger, but are growne
 Acquainted with your vertues, and can tell
 What use the pearle is of, which Dunghill cocks
 Scrape into dirt againe. This searching judgement
 Was not intended to worke wood, but men.
 Honour attends you. I shall live to see
 A Diadem crowne that head. There is within
 A Glasse that will acquaint you with all places
 Of Dignity, authority, and renowne,
 The State, and carriage of the same. Choose the best,
 Such as deserve you, and refuse the rest.
Can. I goe, that want no worth to merit honour;
 'Tis honour that wants worth to merit mee.
Fortune, thou arbitresse of humane things
 Thy credit is at stake: If I but rise
 The Worlds opinion will conceive th' haist eyes.

Exit.

SCENE.

SCEN. 3.

Orgylus. Aorgus.

Rosc. These are the extreame of Meeknesse. Orgylus an angry quarrelsome man, mov'd with the least shadow, or appearance of Iniury. The other in defect, Aorgus, a fellow so patient, or rather insensible of wrong, that he is not capable of the grossest abuse.

Org. Perswade me not, he has awak'd a fury
That carries steele about him. Daggs, and Pistolls!
To bite his thumb at me?

Aor. Why should not any man
Bite his own thumber?

Org. At mee? weare I a sword
To see men bite their thumbs-- Rapiers and Daggers!
He is the sonne of a Whore.

Aor. That hurts not you.
Had he bit yours, it had been some pretence
T'have mov'd this anger-- he may bite his own,
And eate it too.

Org. Muskets, and Canons!-- eate it?
If he dare eate it in contempt of me,
He shall eate something else too that rides here,
He try his estridge stomach.

Aor. Sir be patient.

Org. You lye in your throat, and I will not.

Aor. To what purpose is this impertinent madnesse?
Pray be milder.

Org. Your Mother was a whore, & I will not put it up.

Aor. Why should so slight a toy thus trouble you?

Org. Your Father was hang'd, and I will be reveng'd.

Aor. When reason doth in equall ballance poize

The nature of two injuries, yours to me

Lyes heavy, when that other would not turne

An even scale; and yet it moves not mee;

My Anger is not up.

Org. But I will raise it;

You are a foole!

Aor. I know it, and shall I

Be angry for a truth?

Org. You are besides

An arrant knave!

Aor. So are my betters sir.

Org. I cannot move him---O my spleen!--it rises;

For every anger I could eat my knuckles.

Aor. You may, or bite your thumb all's one to mee.

Org. You are a horned beast, a very Cuckold!

Aor. 'Tis my wives fault, not mine, I have no reason

Then to be angry for anothers sinne.

Org. And I did graft your horns, you might have come

And found us glewd together like two goats;

And stood a witnesse to your transformation.

Aor. Why if I had, I am so farre from anger

I would have e'ne falne down upon my knees;

And desir'd heaven to have forgiven you both.

Org. Your Children are all bastards, not one of them;

Vpon my knowledge, of your own begetting.

Aor. Why then I am the more beholding to them

That they will call me father; it was lust

Perchance

Perchance, that did beget them, but I am sure

'Tis charity to keepe the Infants.

Org. Not yet stirr'd?

'Tis done of meere contempt, he will not now

Be angry, to expresse his scorn of me.

'Tis above patience this, insufferable.

Proclaime me coward, if I put up this!

Dotard you will be angry, will you not?

Aor. To see how strange a course fond wrath doth goe!

You will be angry 'cause I am not so!

Or. I, can endure no longer, if your spleene

Lye in your breech, thus I will kick it up.

Aor. Alpha. Beta. Gamma. Delta. Epsylon. Zeta. Eta.

Theta. Iota. Kappa. Lambda. Mu. Nu. Xi. Omicron. Pi.

Rho. Sigma. Tau. Vpsylon. Phi. Chi. Psi. Omega.

Org. How? what contempt is this?

Aor. An antidote

Against the poison, Anger: 'twas prescrib'd

A Roman Emperour, that on every injury

Repeated the Greek Alphabet, that being done

His anger too was over. This good rule

I learn'd from him, and Practise.

Org. Not yet angry?

Still will you vex me? I will practise too. *(Kicks again)*

Aor. Aleph. Beth. Gimel.

Org. What new Alphabet

Is this?

Aor. The Hebrew Alphabet, that I use

A second remedy.

Org. O my Torment! Still?

Are not your Buttocks angry with my toes?

For. For ought I feele your toes have more occasion
For to be angry with my Buttocks.

Org. Well,

I'll try your Physick for the third assault,
And exercise the patience of your nose.

Aor. A.B.C.D.E.F.G.H.I.K.L.M.N.O.P.Q.R.S.T.
V.W.X.Y.Z.

Org. Are you not angry now?

Aor. Now fir, why now? I shal be angry
Now you have done.

Org. O 'tis a meere plot this,
To jeere my tamenesse: will no sense of wrong
Waken the lethargy of a cowards soule?
Will not this rowse her from her dead sleepe, nor this?

Aor. Why should I fir be angry, if I suffer
An injury, it is no guilt of mine;
No, let it trouble them, that doe the wrong;
Nothing but peace approaches innocence.

Org. A bitternesse o'reflows me; my eyes flame,
My blood boyles in me, all my faculties
Of soule and body move in a disorder;
His patience hath so tortur'd me: Sirra villain
I will dissect thee with my rapiers point;
Rip up each veine, and sinewe of my storkue,
Anatomize him, searching every entrails;
To see if nature, when she made this asse,
This suffering asse, did not forget to give him
Some gall!

Cola. Put it up good *Orgylus*,

Lct

Let him not glory in so brave a death,
As by your hand; it stands not with your honour
To stain your rapier in a cowards blood.
The *Lybian* Lions in their noble rage
Will prey on Bulls, or marte the Vnicorne;
But trouble not the painted butter flye;
Ants cawle securely by him.
Orgy. 'Tis intollerable!
Would thou wert worth the killing.
Colax. A good with,
Savouring as well discretion, as bold valour.
Think not of such a baffel'd asse as this,
More stone, then man: *Medusa's* head has turn'd him.
There is in ants a choier, every flye
Carries a spleene: Poore wormes being trampled on
Turne tayle, as bidding battaile to the feet
Of their oppressors. A dead palsy sure
Hath struck a desperate numnesse through his soule,
Till it be growne insensible: Meere stupidity
Hath ceaz'd him: Your more manly soule I find
Is capable of wrong, and like a flint
Throwes forth a fire into the strikers eyes.
You beare about you valours whetstone, anger,
Which sets an edge upon the sword, and makes it
Cut with a spirit: you conceive fond patience
Is an injustice to our selves, the suffering
One injury invites a second, that
Calls on a third, till wrongs doe multiply
And reputation bleed: How bravely anger
Becomes that martiall brow! A glasse within

Wit

Will new you fir when your great spleene doth rise -
How fury darts a lightning from your eyes.

org. Learne anger fir against you meet me next;
Never was man like me with patience vext. *Exit.*

Aor. I am so farre from anger in my selfe,
That 'tis my grief I can make others so.

Colax. It proves a sweetnesse in your disposition,
A gentle winning carriage--deare *Aorgus*

O give me leave to open wide my brest,

And let so rare a freind unto my soule;
Enter, and take possession: such a man

As has no gall, no bitternesse, no exceptions,
Whom nature meant a Dove, will keepe alive

The flame of amitie, where all discourse
Flowers innocent, and each free jest is taken.

Hee's a good freind will pardon his freinds errorrs,
But hee's a better takes no notice of them.

How like a beast with rude and savage rage
Breath'd the distemper'd soule of *Orgylus*?

The pronenesse of this passion is the Nurse
That fosters all confusion, ruines states,

Depopulates Cities, layes great Kingdomes wast;
'Tis that affection of the mind that wants

The strongest bridle; give it raine it runnes
A desperate course, and drags downe reason with it.

It is the whirlwind of the soule, the storme
And tempest of the mind, that railes up

The billowes of disturbed passions
To shipwrack Iudgment. O-- a soule like yours

Constant in patience! Let the North wind meet

The

The South at sea, and Zephyrus breath opposite
 To *Eurus*; let the two and thirty sonnes
 Of *Eolus* break forth at once, to plow
 The Ocean, and dispeople all the woods,
 Yet here could be a calme, it is not danger
 Can make this cheeke grow pale, nor injury
 Call blood into it. Their's a Glasse within
 Will let you see your selfe, and tell you now
 How sweet a tamenesse dwells upon your brow.
Aor. Colax, I must believe, and therefore goc;
 Who is distrustfull will be angry too.

SCENE 4.

Alazon, Eiron.

Rosc. The next are the extreames of Truth; *Alazon* one
 that arrogates that to himselfe which is not his, and *Eiron*
 one that out of an itch to be thought modest dissembles his
 qualities; the one erring in defending a falshood, the other
 offending in denying a truth.

Alaz. I heare you're wondrous valiant.

Eir. I! alas,

Who told you I was valiant?

Alaz. The world speaks it.

Eir. She is deceiv'd; but does she speak it truly?

Alaz. I am indeed the *Hector* of the age;
 But she calls you *Achilles*.

Eir. I *Achilles*?

No, I am no *Achilles*: I confesse

I am no coward: That the world should think

H

That

That I am an *Achilles*! yet the world may
Call me what she please.

Alaz. Next to my valour,
Which but for yours could never hope a second,
Yours is reported.

Eir. I may have my share;
But the last valour shew'd in Christendome
Was in *Lepanto*.

Alaz. Valour in *Lepanto*?
He might be thought so fir, by them that knew him not;
But I have found him a poore baffel'd snake:
Sir, I have writ him, and proclaim'd him coward
On every post i'th' City.

Eiron. Who?

Alaz. *Lepanto*,
The valour fir that you so much renowne.

Eir. *Lepanto* was no man fir, but the place
Made famous by the so-much mention'd battaile
Betwixt the Turks and Christians.

Alaz. Cry you mercy!
Then the *Lepanto* that I meant, it seemes
Was but that *Lepanto's* name-sake. I can
Find that you are well skill'd in History.

Eir. Not a whit; A novice, I! I could perchance
Discourse from *Adam* downward; but what's that
To History? All that I know is only
Th' originall, continuance, height, and alteration
Of every Common wealth. I have read nothing
But *Plutarch*, *Livy*, *Tacitus*, *Suetonius*,
Appian, *Dion*, *Innius*, *Paterculus*,

With

With *Florus, Iustine, Salust*, and some few
More of the Latine: For the moderne, I
Have all without book *Gallo-belgicus*,
Phillip De-Comino, Machiavele, Guiccardine,
The Turkish and Ægyptian Histories,
With those of *Spaine, France*, and the Netherlands.
For *England, Polydore Virgil, Camden, Speed*,
And a matter of forty more, nothing
Alas to one that's read in Histories.

In the Greeke I have a smack or so, at
Zenophon, Herodotus, Thucidides, and
Stowes Cronicle.

Alaz. Believe me sir, and that
Stowes Cronicle is very good Greeke; you litle
Think who writ it! Doe you not see him? are
You blind? I am the man.

Eir. Then I must number
You with my best Authors in my Library.

Alaz. Sir, the rest too are mine, but that I venture 'em
With other names, to shunne the opinion
Of arrogance; so the subt'le Cardinall
Calls one book *Bellarmino*, 'nother *Tostatus*,
Yet one mans labour both. You talk of numbring;
You cannot choose but heare how lowd fame speaks
Of my experience in Arithmetique:
She sayes you too grow neare perfection.

Eir. Farre from it I, some in-sight, but no more.
I count the starres, can give the Totall summe,
How many sands there be i'th' sea, but these
Are trifles to the expert, that have studied

Pen-keth-mans president. Sir, I have no skill
 In any thing, if I have any, 'tis
 In languages, but yet insooth I speak
 Only my mother Tongue, I have not gain'd
 The *Hebrew*, *Chaldee*, *Syrinack*, or *Arabick*;
 Nor know the *Greek* with all her *Dialects*.
Scaliger and *Tom Coriate* both excell me.
 I have no skill in *French*, *Italian*, *Spanish*,
Turkish, *Egyptian*, *China*, *Persian* Tongues.
 Indeed the *Latine* I was whipt into;
 But *Ruscian*, *Slavonian*, and *Dalmatian*
 With *Saxon*, *Danish*, and *Albanian* speech,
 That of the *Cossaches*, and *Hungarian* too,
 With *Biscays*, and the prime of languages,
Dutch, *Welsh*, and *Irish* are too hard for me
 To be familiar in: and yet some think
 (But thought is free) that I doe speak all these
 As I were borne in each. But they may erre
 That think so; 'Tis not every Iudgment sits
 In the infallible chaire. To confesse truth
 All *Europe*, *Asia*, and *Affrick* too;
 But in *America*, and the new-found world
 I very much feare there be some languages
 That would goe neere to puzzle me.
Alaz. Very likely.
 You have a pretty pittance in the Tongues;
 But *Eiron*, I am now more generall;
 I can speak all alike, there is no stranger
 Of so remote a nation heares me talke
 But confidently calls me *Country-man*

the

The witty world giving my worth her due

Surnames me the Confusion: I but want

An Oratour like you to speak my praise.

Eir. Am I an Oratour *Alazon* no;

Though it hath pleas'd the wiser few to say

Demosthenes was not so eloquent;

But freinds will flatter, and I am not bound

To believe all Hyperboles: something fir

Perchance I have, but 'tis not worth the naming,

Especially *Alazon* in your presence.

Alaz. Your modesty *Eiron* speaks but truth in this.

Colax. I need not flatter these, they'le doe't themselves,

And crosse the Proverb that was wont to say

One Mule doth scrub another, here each Asse

Hath learn'd to claw himselfe.

Alaz. I doe surpass

All Oratours. How like you my Orations?

Those against *Catiline*; I account them best,

Except my *Philippicks*; all acknowledge me

Above the three great Oratours of *Rome*.

Eir. What three *Alazon*?

Ala. *Marcus, Tullius,*

And *Cicero*, the best of all the three.

Eir. Why those three names are all the selfe same mans

Alaz. Then all is one. Were those three names three

men.

I should excell them all. And then for Poetry!

Eir. There is no Poetry but *Homers Iliads*.

Alaz. Alasse twas writ ith' nonage of my *Muses*.

You understand th' Italian.

Eir. A little fir,
I have read *Tasso*.

Ala. And *Torquato* too?

Eir. Their still the same.

Ala. I find you very skilfull.

Eiron, I erre only to' sound your judgement.

You are a Poet too.

Eir. The world may think so,

But 'tis deceiv'd, and I am sorry for't.

But I will tell you fir some excellent verses

Made by a friend of mine, I have not read

A better Epigram of a Neoterique.

Ala. Pray doe my eyes the favour fir to let mee
read 'um.

Eir. Strange sights there late was seene, that did affright

The Multitude, the Moone was seene by nights,

And Sun appear'd by day: --- is it not good?

Ala. Excellent good, proceed.

Eir. Without remorse

Each starre and planet kept their wonted course.

What here could fright them? (mark the answer now)

O fir aske not that:

The Vulgar know not why they feare, nor what.

But in their humors too inconstant bee,

Nothing seemes strange to them but constancy.

Has not my friend approv'd himsef a Poet?

Alaz. The Verses fir are excellent, but your friend
Approves himsef a thiefe.

Eir. Why good *Alaz*on?

Alaz. A Plagiary I mean, the verses fir

Were

Were stolne.

Eir. From whom?

Alaz. From me, beleeu't I made 'um.

Eir. They are alasse unworthy fir your owning.

Such Trifles as my muse had stumbled on

This morning.

Alaz. Nay, they may be yours: I told you

That you come neare me fir. Yours they may be.

Good witts may jump: but let me tell you, *Eiron*,

Your Freind must steale them if he have them.

Col. What pretty Gulls are these? Ile take 'um off;

Alazon, you are learned.

Alaz. I know that.

Col. And vertuous.

Alaz. Tis confesd.

Col. A good Historian.

Alaz. Who dares deny it?

Col. A rare Arithmetician.

Alaz. I' have heard it often.

Col. I commend your care

That know your vertues! why should modesty

Stop good mens mouthes from their own praise: our

neighbours

Are envious, and will rather blast our memories

With infamy, then immortalize our names.

When Fame hath taken cold, and lost her voice,

We must be our own trumpets; carefull men

Will have an Inventory of their goods,

And why not of their vertues? should you say

You were not wise, it were a sinne to truth.

Let

Let *Eirons* modestly tell bashfull lies,
 To cloake and masque his parts; hee's a foole for't.
 Twas heavenly counsell bid us *know our selves*.
 You may be confident, chaunt your own encomiums,
 Ring out a Panegyrique to your selfe;
 And your selfe write the learned Commentarie
 Of your own actions.

Ala. So I have.

Col. Where is it?

Ala. Tis stolne.

Col. I know the thiefe, they call him *Cesar*.

Goe in good sir; there is within a Glasse
 That will present you with the Felons face. *Exit Ala*.

Eiron, you hear the newes!

Eir: Not I, what is it?

Col. That you are held the only man of Art.

Eir. Is't currant *Colax*?

Col. Currant as the aire,
 Every man breaths it for a certainty.

Eir. This is the first time I hear'd on't in truth.

Can it be certain? so much charity left

In mens opinion?

Col. You call it charity

Which is their duty: Vertue sir, like yours
 Commands mens praises, Emptinesse and folly,
 Such as *Alaxon* is, use their own Tongues,
 While reall worth hears her own praise, not speaks it.
 Other mens mouths become your trumpeters,
 And winged fame proclaimes you lowdly forth
 From East to West, till either Pole admire you

Selfe

Selfe-praise is bragging, and begets the envy
 Of them that heare it, while each man therein
 Seemes undervalued: You are wisely silent
 In your own worth, and therefore 'twere a sinne
 For others to be so: The fish would loose
 Their being mute, ere such a modest worth
 Should want a speaker: yet sir I would have you
 Know your own vertues, be acquainted with them.
Eir. Why good sir bring me but acquainted them.
Col. There is a glasse within shewes you your selfe
 By a reflection; goe and speake 'em there.
Eir. I should be glad to see 'em any where. *Exit Eir.*
Rosc. Retire your selves againe, for these are fights
 Made to revive not burden with delights.

Exeunt omnes.

Finis Actus 3.

ACTUS IV. SCENA I.

Flowerdew, Bird, Roscius.

Bird. My indignation boileth like a pot,
 An over-heated pot, still, still it boyleth,
 It boyleth and it bubbleth with disdain.

Flow. My Spirit within me too fumeth, I say
 Fumeth, and steemeth up, and runneth ore
 With holy wrath, at these delights of flesh.

Rosc. The Actours beg your silence.--- *The next vertue,*
whose extreames we would present, wants a name both in
the Greeke and Latine,

Bird. Wants it a name? 'tis an unchristian vertue.

I

Rosc.

Rose. But they describe it such a modesty as directs us in the pursuit, and refusal of the meaner honours, and so answers to Magnanimity, as Liberality to Magnificence: But here, that humor of the persons, being already forestall'd, and no Pride now so much practis'd, or countenanc'd as that of Apparell, let me present you Philotimia, an overcurious Lady too neat in her attire, and for Aphilotimus, Luparius a nasty sordid sloven.

Flour. Pride is a vanity worthy the correction.

Philotimia. Luparius. Colax.

Phil. What mole drest me to day? O patience! Who would be troubled with these mop-cy'd Chambermaids?

There's a whole haire on this side more then t'other, I am no Lady else! - come on you sloven!

Was ever Christian Madam so tormented To wed a swine as I am: make you ready.

Lupa. I would the Tailor had bin hang'd for mee That first invented cloathes-- O nature, nature! More cruell unto man then all thy creatures!

Calves come into the world with dublets on; And Oxen have no breeches to put off.

The Lambe is borne with her Freeze-coat about her; Hogs go to bed in rest, and are not troubled

With pulling on their hose and shoos i'th' morning, With gartring, girdling, ruffling, buttoning,

And a thousand torments that afflict humanity.

Phil. To see her negligence! shee hath made this cheek By much too pale, and hath forgot to whiten.

The naturall redness of my nose, shee knowes not

What

What 'tis wants dealbation! O fine memory!
If she has not set me in the selfe same teeth
That I wore yesterday, I am a jew.
Does she think that I can eat twice with the same,
Or that my mouth stands as the Vulgar does?
What? are you snorting there? youle rise, you sluggard
And make you ready:

Lupa. Rise, and make you ready:

Two workes of that, your happy birds make one;
They when they rise are ready. Blessed birds!
They fortunate creatures sleepe in their own clothes,
And rise with all their feather beds about them:
Would nakednesse were come again in fashion;
I had some hope then when the breasts went bare
Their bodies too would have come to 't in time.

Phil. Beshrew her for't, this wrinkle is not fill'd!
Youll goe and wash - you are a pretty husband!

Lupa. Our Sow ne're washes, yet she has a face
Me thinks as cleanly, Madam, as yours is,
If you durst weare your own.

Col. Madame *Superbia*,
You're studying the Ladies library,
The Looking glasse; 'tis well! so great a beauty
Must have her ornaments-- Nature adornes
The Peacocks taile with starres; 'tis shee attires
The Bird of Paradise in all her plumes;
She decks the fields with various flowres; 'tis shee
Spangled the Heavens with all those glorious lights;
She spotted th'Ermine's skin; and arm'd the fish
In silver male: But man she sent forth naked

Not that he should remaine so, but that he
 Indued with reason should adorne himselfe
 With every one of these. The silke-worme is
 Only mans spinster, else we might suspect
 That she esteem'd the painted Butterfly
 Above her master-piece: you are the Image
 Of that bright Goddesse: therefore weare the Jewels
 Of all the East, let the red sea be ransack'd
 To make you glitter, looke on *Luparus*
 Your Husband there, and see how in a sloven
 All the best characters of Divinity,
 Not yet worne out in man, are lost and buried.
Philo. I see it to my griefe, pray counsell him.
Col. This vanity, in your nice Ladies humors
 Of being so curious in her toies, and dresse,
 Makes me suspicious of her honesty.
 These Cobweb-lawnes catch spiders fir, believe it,
 You know that clothes doe not commend the man,
 But 'tis the living, though this age preferre
 A cloake of Plush, before a braine of art.
 You understand what misery 'tis to have
 No worth but that we owe the draper for;
 No doubt you spend the time your Lady looses
 Intricking up her body, to cloth the soule.
Lup. To cloth the soule? must the soule too be cloth'd?
 I protest sir, I had rather have no soule
 Then be tormented with the clothing of it.
Rosc. To these enter the extreames of modesty, a neere
 kinswoman of the vertues, Anaisthina or Impudence,
 a band; and Kataplectus an over bashfull Scholar: where

our Author hopes the women will pardon him, if of foure and twenty vices he presents but two (Pride and Impudence) of their sexe.

SCENA 2.

Anaiskintia. Kataplectus.

Philo. Here comes *Anaiskintia* too; -- O fates!

Acolastus, and *Asotus* have sent for mee,
And my breath not perfum'd yet! *Kat.* O sweet mother,
Are the Gentlemen there already?

Anais. Come away,
Are you not asham'd to be so bashfull? well,
If I had thought of this in time, I would
As soone have seene you fairely hang'd as sent you
To th' Vniversity.

Phil. What gentleman is that?

Anais. A shamefast Scholar Madam: -- looke upon her,
Speake to her, or you loose your exhibition:
--- Youle speake I hope, weare not away your buttons!

Kata. What should I say?

Anaisk. Why tell her you are glad
To see her Ladiship in health: -- nay out with it!

Katap. -- *Gaudeo te bene valere.* --

Phil. A pretty Proficient!

What standing is he of i th' Vniversity?

Anais. He dares not answer to that question Madam: --

Philo. How long have you bin in the Academy?

Katap. *Profecto Do. -- Domina sum. Bac -- Bac -- Baccha --*
laureus Artium.

Phil. What pitty 'tis he is not impudent!

Anais. May all my cost & fee is spent in vaine;
 I having, as your Ladiship knowes full well,
 Good practice in the Suburbs; and by reason
 That our Mortality there, is very subject
 To an infection of the French Disease,
 I brought my Nephew up 'ith' Vniversity;
 Hoping he might (having attain'd some knowledge)
 Save me the charge of keeping a Physitian;
 But all in vaine: he is so bashfull Madam,
 He dares nor looke upon a womans water.

Colax. Sweet Gentleman, proceed in bashfulness!

'Tis vertues best preserver---

Kata. *Recte dixis, sic inquit Aristoteles.*

Col. That being gone

The rest soone follow, and a swarme of vice
 Enter the soule, no colour but a blush
 Becomes a young mans cheek: pure shamefastnesse
 Is port to the lips, and eares, that nothing
 Might enter, or come out of man, but what
 Is good, and modest: Nature strives to hide
 The parts of shame, let her, the best of guides,

Katap. *Natura dux optima.*

Colax. Teach us to doe for too in our discourse.

Katap. *Gratias tibi ago.*

Philo. Inure him to speake bawdy.

Anais. A very good way; *Kataplectus* here's a Lady,
 would heere you speake obscenely:

Katap. *Obscenum est, quod intra scenam agi non oportuit.*

Anais. Off goes your Velvetcap! did I maintaine you
 To have you disobedient: you'l be perswaded?

Finis

Katap.

Katap. *Liberis operam dare.*

Anais. What's that in English.

Katap. To doe an endeavour for children.

Anais. Some more of this, it may be something one day.

Katap. *Communis est omnium animantium coniunctio-
nis appetitus procreandi causa.*

Phil. Construe me that.

Katap. All creatures have a naturall desire or appetite to be joyned together in the lawfull bonds of Matrimony, that they may have sons and daughters.

Anais. Your Landresse has bestow'd her time but ill.

Why could not this have been in proper tearmes.

If you should Catechize my head, and say,

What is your name; would it not say, a head.

So would my skinne confesse it selfe a skinne,

Nor any part about me be asham'd

Of his owne name, although I catechiz'd

All over. Come good Nephew, let me

Have any member of my body nicknam'd.

Colax. Our Stoique, the gravest of Philosophers,

Is just of your opinion, and thus argues;

Is any thing obscene; the filthinesse

Is either grounded in the things themselves,

Or in the words that signifie those things,

Not in the things, that would make nature guilty.

Who creates nothing filthy, and uncleane,

But chaste, and honest; if not in the things,

How in the words, the shadowes of those things.

To manure ground, is a chaste honest terme;

Another

Another word that signifies the same,
 Vnlawfull: every man endures to heare,
 He got a child; speak plainer, and he blushes,
 Yet meanes the same. The Stoique thus disputes,
 That would have men to breath as freely down'ward,
 As they doe upward.

Anais. I commend him Madam,
 Vnto your Ladyships service, he may mend
 With counsell! let him be your Gentleman-usher;
 Madam you may in time bring down his legs
 To the just size, now over grown with playing
 Too much at foot-ball.

Philo. So he will prove a Stoique;
 I long to have a Stoique strut before me
 Here kisse my hand. Come what is that in Latine?

Katap. *Deoscular manum;*

Philo. My lip;--nay fir you must if I command you.

Katap. *Osculor te, vel oscular ate;*

Philo. His breath smells strong!

Anais. 'Tis but of Logick Madam.

Philo. He will come to it one day--you shall goe with
 mee

To see an exquisite glasse to dresse me by.

Nay, goe! you must goe first; you are too mannerly.

It is the office of your place, so--on. *exeunt.*

Colax. Slow *Luparus* rise, or you'll be metamorphos'd;

Acteon's fate is imminent.

Lup. Where's my wife?

Cola. Shee's gone with a young Snip, and an old baud.

Lup. Then I am cuckolded; if I be my comfort is

She

She has put me on a cap, that will not trounce eare
With pulling off, yet Madam I'll prevent you. *Exit.*
Rosci. The next are the extreames of Iustice.

SCEN. 3.

Enter Iustice Nimis, Iustice Nihil.

Plus and Minus their Clarkes.

Nim. Plus!

Plus. What sayes your worship?

Nim. Have my tenants

That hold their lease of lust here in the suburbs,

By copy-hold from me, their Lord in cheif,

Paid their rent charge?

Plus. They have, and't please your worship,

I Receiver generall gave 'em my acquittance.

Parum. Sir I resigne my Pen, and Inkhorn to you,

I shall forget my hand, if I stay here.

I have not made a *Mittimus* since I serv'd you.

Were I a reverend Iustice as you are,

I would not sit a Cipher on the Bench,

But doe as Iustice *Nimis* does, and be

The *Dominus-fac-totum* of the Sessions.

Nihil. But I will be a *Dominus fac miserecordiam*

Instead of your *Totums*: People shall not wish

To see my *Ipurses* fil'd off, it does me good

To take a mercifull nap upon the Bench,

Where I foe sweetly dreame of being pittifull,

wake the better for it.

K

Nim.

Nim. The yearly value
Of my faire manour of *Clerken-well*, is pounds
So many-- besides New years capons, the Lordship
Of *Turnball* so-- which with my *Pick-hatch* grange--
And *Shoreditch* farme, and other premises
Adjoyning,--very good, a pretty maintenance
To keepe a Iustice of Peace, and *Coram* too:
Besides the fines I take of young beginners, --
With harriots of all such as dye, *quatenus* whores,
And ruin'd bauds, with all Amercements due
To such as hunt in Purly; this is something,
With mine own Game reserv'd.

Plus. Besides a pretty pittance too for me,
That am your worships Bayly.

Parum. Will't please your worship sir, to heare the Ca-
talogue

Of such offenders, as are brought before you?
Nihil. It does not please me Sir, to heare of any
That doe offend; I would the world were innocent!
Yet to expresse my mercy you may read them.

Par. First here is one accus'd for Cutting a purse.

Nihil. Accus'd, is that enough if it be guilt
To be accus'd, who shall be innocent?

Discharge him *Parum.*

Parum. Here's another brought
For the same fact, ta'ne in the very Action.

Nihil. Alas it was for need, bid him take warning,
And so discharge him too; 'Tis the first time.

Nimis. *Plus*, say, what hopes of gaine brings this day's
sinner?

Plus

Plus. *Anaiskyntia* Sir was at doore
Brought by the Constable.

Nimis. Set the Constable by the heeles.
Shee's at certain with us.

Plus. Then there's *Intemperance* the baud.]

Nim. A Tenant too.

Plus. With the young Lady, Madam *Incontinence*.

Nim. Search o're my Doomes-day book; is not shee

Plus

One of my last compounders?

Plus. I remember it.

Then there is jumping *Iude*, Heroique *Doll*,
With bouncing *Nan*, and *Ca*, your worship's sinner.

Nim. All Subsidy women, goe free 'em all.

Parum. Sir, here's a knowne offender; one that has
Been stockt, and whipt innumerable times,

Has suffer'd Bridewell often, not a layle

But hee's familiar with, burnt in the hand,

Forehead, and shoulder, both his eares cut off,

With his nose slit, what shall I doe with him?

Nib. So often punish'd: nay, if no correction
Will serve his turne, e'en let him runne his course.

Plus. Here's Mistresse *Fraylty* too, the waiting woman.

Nim. For what offence?

Plus. A sinne of weaknesse too.

Nim. Let her be strongly whipt,

Plus. An't please your worship

She has a noble mans letter.

Nim. Tell her, *Plus*, she must

Have the Kings Picture too.

Plus. Beside

She has promis'd me I should examine her
Above i'th' garret.

Nim. What's all that to me?

Plus. And she entreats your worship to accept--

Nim. Nay, if she can entreat in English, *Plus*,
Say she is injur'd.

Par. Sir here's *Snip* the Taylor

Charg'd with a rior.

Nihil. *Parum*, let him goe,

He is our Neighbour.

Parum. Then there is a stranger for quarrelling.

Nihil. A stranger! o'tis pity

To hurt a stranger, we may be all strangers,
And would be glad to find some mercy *Parū*.

Plus. Sir here's a Gentle-woman of *S. Ioanes*' his
Charg'd with dishonesty.

Nim. With dishonesty?

Severity will amend her, and yet *Plus*

Aske her a question, if she will be honest:

Plus. And here's a coblers wife brought for a scold.

Nim. Tell her of cooking-stooles, tell her there be

Oyster queanes, with Orange woemen,

Carts, and coaches store, to make a noyse;

Yet if she can speak English

We may suppose her silent.

Par. Here's a Batchelour

And a Citizens wife for flatt Adultery;

What will you doe with them?

Nib. A Citizens wife!

Perchance.

Perchance her husband is grown impotent,
And who can blame her then?

Par. Yet I hope you'l bind o're the Batchelour.

Nib. No: enquire

First if he have no wife, for if the Batchelour
Have not a wife of his owne, 'twas but frailty;
And Iustice counts it veniall.

Plus. Here's one *Adicus*,
And *Sophon*, that doe mutually accuse
Each other of flat felony!

Nim. Of the two which is the richer?

Plus. *Adicus* is the richer.

Nim. Then *Sophon* is the thief.

Plus. Here is with all,

Panourgus come with one calld *Prodotes*,

Lay treason Sir to one anothers charge;

Panourgus is the richer.

Nim. Hee's the Traytour then.

Plus. How Sir the richer?

Nim. Thou art ignorant *Plus*;

We must doe some injustice for our credit,

Not all for gaine.

Plus. *Eutrapeles* complains Sir,

Bomolochus has abus'd him.

Nim. Send *Eutrapeles* to th'layle.

Plus. It is *Eutrapeles* that complaines Sir.

Nim. Tell him we are pleas'd to think 'twas he of-
fended.

Will must be law: wer't not for *Summum Ius*,

How could the land subsist?

Colax. I & the Iustices

Maintaine themselves -- goe on -- The Land wants such

As dare with rigor execute her Lawes:

Her festred members must be lanc't and tented.

Hee's a bad Surgeon, that for pittie spares

The part corrupted, 'till the Gangrene spread,

And all the body perish; he that's mercifull

Vnto the bad, is cruell to the good.

The Pillory must cure the eares disease;

The stocks the foots offences; let the backe

Beare her own sinne, and her ranke blood purge forth

By the Phlebotomy of a whipping post:

And yet the secret, and purse punishment

Is held the wiser course; because at once

It helps the vertuous and corrects the vitious.

Let not the sword of Iustice sleepe and rust

Within her velvet sheath; preserve her edge;

And keepe it sharpe with cutting. Use must whet her,

Tame mercy is the brest that suckles vice,

Till *Hydra* like she multiply her heads.

Tread you on sinne, squeeze out the Serpents braines,

All you can finde -- for some have lurking holes

Wherethey lye hid. But there's within a glasse

Will shew you every close offenders face.

Nim. Come *Plus* let's goe in to finde out these con-

cealements;

We will grow rich, and purchase honour thus --

I meanto be a Baron of *Summum Ius*. *Exit. Ni. Plus.*

Parum. You are the strangest man; you will ac-

knowledge

None

None for offenders, here's one apprehended
For murder.

Nihil. How!

Par. He kill'd a man last night.

Nih. How cam't to passe.

Par. Vpon a falling out.

Nih. They shall be friends I'll reconcile 'em *Parums.*

Par. One of them is dead.

Nih. Is he not buried yet?

Par. No Sir.

Nih. Why then I say they shall shake hands.

Col. As you have done

With Clemency, most Reverend Iustice *Nihil*;

A gentle mildnesse thrones it selfe within you.

Your Worship would have justice, use her ballance

More then her sword; nor can you endure to dye

The robe she weares, deep scarlet, in the blood

Of poore offenders: How many men hath rigour

By her too hasty, and severe proceedings

Prevented from amendment, that perchance

Might have turn'd honest and have prov'd good Christians?

Should ~~love~~ not spare his thunder, but as often

Discharge at us, as we dart sins at him,

Earth would want men, and he him selfe want armes,

And yet tire *Vulcan*, and *Pyracmon* too.

You imitate the Gods! and he sins lesse

Strikes not at all, then he strikes once a misse.

I would not have justice too falcon-eyed;

Sometimes a wilfull blindnesse much becomes her;

As

As when on the beach she sleeps and winks
 At the transgressions of Mortality:
 In which most mercifull posture I have seene
 Your pittifull Worship snorting out pardons
 To the despairing sinner: there's within
 A Mirrour sir like you! goe see your face
 How like *Astrea*'tis in her own Glasse.
Par. And I'll petition Iustice *Nimi's* Clerke
 To admit me for his under officer. *Exeunt.*

SCENE 4.

Agroicus.

Rosc. This is *Agroicus*, a rustique clownish fellow, whose
 discourse is all Country; An extreame of urbanity, where-
 by you may observe there is a vertue in jesting.

Agro. They talke of witty discourse, and fine conceits,
 and I ken not what a deale of prittle prattle would
 make a Cat pisse to heare 'em. Cannot they be content
 with their Grannams English? They thinke they talke
 learnedly, when I had rather heare our brindled curre
 howle, or Sow grunt. They must be breaking of jests
 with a murraine, when I had as live heare 'em breake
 wind Sir reverence! My zonne *Dick* is a pretty Bookish
 Scholar of his age, God blesse him; he can write and
 read, and makes bonds, and bills, and hobligations,
 God save all. But by'r lady, if I wotted it would make
 him such a Iacksaunce, as to have more wit then his
 vore-vathers, he should have learn'd nothing for old
Agroicus, but to keepe a Tally. There is a new trade
 lately

lately come up to be a vocation, I wis not w^{at} they
call 'em-- Boets, a new name for Beggars I think, since
the statute against Gypsies. I would not have my zon
Dick one of those Boets for the best Pig in my sty by
the mackins: Boets? heau'n shield him, and zend him
to be a good Varmer; if he can cry hy, ho, gee, hut, gee,
ho, it is better I trow then being a Poet. Boets? I had
rather zee him remitted to the jayle, and haue his
twelve God-vathers, good men and true contemne
him to the Gallowes; and there see him vairely perse-
cuted. There is *Bomolochus* one of these Boets, now a
bots take all the red-nose tribe of 'em for *Agroicns*!
he does so abuse his betters! well 'twas a good world,
when I virst held the Plow!

Col. They car'd not then so much for speaking well
As to mean honest, and in you still lives
The good simplicity of the former times:
When to doe well was Rhetorique, not to talke.
The tongue diseale of Court spreads her infections
Through the whole Kingdome, flattery, that was wont
To be confin'd within the virge, is now
Grown Epidemicall, for all our thoughts
Are borne between our lips: The heart is made
A stranger to the tongue; as if it us'd
A language that she never understood.
What is it to be witty in these daies,
But to be bawdy, or prophane, at least
Abusive? Wit is grown a petulant waspe,
And stings she knows not whom, nor where, nor why;
Spues vinegar, and gall on all she meets

L

Without

Without attraction --- buyes laughter with the losse
 Of reputation, father, kinsman, friend;
 Hunts Ord'naries only to deliver
 The idle Timpanies of a windy braine,
 That beats and throbs above the paine of child-bed,
 Till every care she meets be made a midwife
 To her light Bastard-issue, how many times
Bomolochus sides, and shoulders ake, and groane!
 Hee's so witty--- here he comes--- away---
Agro. His wit is dangerous and I dare not stay. *Exit.*

SCENE 5.

Bomolocus.

Rose. This is the other extreame of *Urbanity*, *Bomolocus* a fellow conceited of his own wit, though indeed it be nothing but the base dreggs of scandall, and a lump of most vile and loathsome scurrility.

Bird. I, this is he we lookt for all the while!
 Scurrility! here she hath her impious throne,
 Here lies her heathenish dominion,
 In this most impious cell of corruption;
 For'tis a Purgatory, a meere *Limbo*,
 Where the black Divell and her damme Scurrility
 Doe rule the roost, fowle Princes of the aire!
 Scurrility! that is he that throweth scandalls,
 Soweth, and throweth scandalls, as 'twere durt
 Even in the face of holinesse, and devotion.
 His presence is contagious, like a dragon
 He belches poison forth, poison of the pit,
 Brimstone,

Brimstone, hellish and sulphureous poyson.
 I will not stay, but fly as farre as zeale
 Can hurry me-- the rooffe will fall and braine me,
 If I endure to heare his blasphemies,
 His gracelesse blasphemies.

Rosc. He shall vent none here;
 But stay, and see how justly we have us'd him.

Flow. Stay brother, I doe find the spirit grow strong.

Col. Haile sacred wit!-- Earth breeds not Baies enough
 To crowne thy spacious merit.

Bomo. Oh--- Oh--- Oh.

Col. *Cratinus, Eupolis, Aristophanes,*
 Or whatsoever other wit did give
 Old *Comedies* the raines, and let her loose
 To stigmatize what brow she pleas'd with slander
 Of people, Prince, Nobility-- All must yeeld
 To this Triumphant braine!

Bomo. Oh--- Oh--- Oh.

Col. They say you'l loose a friend before a jest;
 'Tis true, there's not a jest that comes from you,
 That is the true *Minerva* of this braine,
 But is of greater value then a world
 Of friends, were every prayre of men we meet
 A *Pylades* and *Orestes*.

Bomo. Oh--- Oh--- Oh.

Col. Some say you will abuse your Father too,
 Rather then loose the opinion of your wit,
 Who would not that has such a wit as yours?
 'Twere better twenty Parents were expos'd
 To scorne and laughter, then the simplest thought

Or least conceit of yours, should dye abortive,
Or perissh a braine-Embrio.

Bomo. Oh--oh--oh--

Col. How's this: that tongue growne silent that syrens
Stood still to admire?

Bomo. Oh--oh--oh--

Cola. Twere better that the spheares should loofe their
harmony,

And all the Choristers of the wood grow hoarse!
What wolfe hath spied you first?

Bomo. Oh--oh--oh--

Cola. Sure *Hermes* envying that there was on earth
An eloquence more then his, has struck you dumb!
Malitious deitie!

Bomo. Oh--oh--oh--oh--

Cola. Goe in sir there's a Glasse that will restore
That tongue, whose sweetnesse Angels might adore.

Bomo. Oh--oh--oh--oh--oh--oh--oh-- *Exit.*

Rosc. Thus Sir you see how we have put a gagge
In the licentious mouth of base scurrility;
He shall not *Ibis*-like purge upward here,
To infect the place with pestilentiall breath;
Wee'le keepe him tongue-tide; you and all I pro-
mise

By *Phæbus* and his daughters, whose chaste zones
Were never yet by impure hands untied
Our language shall flow chaste, nothing found here
That can give just offence to a strict care.

Bird. This gagge hath wrought my good opinion of
you

Flow.

Flow. I begin to think 'em lawfull recreations.
Cclax. Now there's none left here, wheron to practise,
 I'll flatter my deare selfe. -- o that my skill
 Had but a body, that I might embrace it,
 Kisse it, and hugge it, and beget a brood,
 Another brood of pretty skills upon it!
 Were I divided I would hate all beauties,
 And grow enamour'd with my other halfe!
 Selfe-love, *Narcissus*, had not been a fault,
 Hadst thou, instead of such a beauteous face,
 Had but a braine like mine: I can guild vice,
 And praise it into Alchymie, till it goe
 For perfect gold, and cozen almost the touchstone.
 I can perswade a toad into an oxe,
 Till swel'd too bigge with my *Hyperboles*
 She burst asunder, and 'tis vertues name
 Lends me a maske to scandalize her selfe.
 Vice, if it be no more, can nothing doe;
 That art is great makes vertue guilty too.
 I have such strange varieties of colours,
 Such shift of shapes, blew *Proteus* sure begot me
 On a Camellion, and I change so quick
 That I suspect my mother did conceive me,
 As they say Mares doe, on some wind or other.
 I'll peepe to see how many fooles I made
 With a report of a miraculous Glasse.
 --- Heaven blesse me, I am ruin'd! o my braine
 Witty to my undoing, I have jested
 My selfe to an eternall misery.
 I see leane hunger with her meager face

Ride post to overtake me, I doe prophesie
 A Lent immortall: *Phœbus* I could curse
 Thee and thy brittle gifts, *Pandora's* box
 Compar'd with this might be esteem'd a blessing.
 The Glasse which I conceiv'd a fabulous humour
 Is to the height of wonder prov'd a truth.
 The two Extreames of every Vertue there
 Beholding how they either did exceed,
 Or want of just proportion, joyn'd together,
 And are reduc'd into a perfect Meane:
 As when the skilfull and deep learn'd Physitian
 Does take two different poisons, one that's cold
 The other in the same degree of heate,
 And blend's them both to make an Antidote;
 Or as the Lutanist takes Flats and Sharpes,
 And out of those so dissonant notes, does strike
 A ravishing Harmony. Now there is no vice
 'Tis a hard world for *Colax*: What shift now?
Dyscolus doth expect me-- since this age
 Is growne too wise to entertaine a Parasite,
 I'll to the Glasse, and there turne vertuous too,
 Still strive to please, though not to flatter you.
Bird. There is good use indeed--la to be made
 From their Conversion.
Flow. Very good insooth--la
 And edifying.
Rosci. Give your eyes some respite.
 You know already what our Vices be,
 In the next Act you shall our Vertues see.

Exeunt.
 ACT V

ACT V. SCEN. I.

Roscius. Flowrdew. Bird.

Flow. Now verily I find the devout Bee
 May suck the hony of good Doctrine thence,
 And beare it to the hive of her pure family,
 Whence the prophane and irreligious spider
 Gathers her impious Venome! I have pick'd
 Out of the Garden of this Play, a good
 And wholesome salad of instruction!
 What doe you next present?

Rosci. The severall Vertues.

Bird. I hope there be no *Cardinall* Vertues there!

Rosci. There be not.

Bird. Then I'll stay, I hate a Vertue

That will be made a *Cardinall*: *Cardinall* vertues,

Next to *Pope*-vertues, are most impious;

And *Bishop*-vertues are unwarrantable:

I will allow of none but *Deacon*-vertues,

Or *Elder*-vertues.

Rosci. These are *Morall* vertues.

Bird. Are they *Lay*-vertues?

Rosci. Yes!

Bird. Then they are lawfull,

Vertues in Orders are unsanctified.

Rosci. We doe present them royall, as they are

In all their state, in a full dance.

Bird. What dance?

No wanton *Iig* I hope, no dance is lawfull

But *Prinkam Frankam*!

Flow.

Flow. What Vertues dance?

I hate a Vertue in a Morrice-dance!

O vile, absurd, may pole--maid-marrian vertue!

Rosci. Dancing is lawfull &c.

Flowish.

Enter Mediocritie.

Flow. Who's this?

Rosc. It is the mother of the Vertues.

Flow. Mother of Pearle I thinke, she is so gawdy.

Rosci. It is the golden Mediocritie.

Flow. She looketh like the Idoll of Cheap-side.

Mediocritie.

Med. I am that even course that must be kept
To shunne two dangerous gulfes; the middle tract

'Twixt *Scylla* and *Charibdis*; the small *Isthmus*

That suffers not the *Aegean* tide to meet

The violent rage of the *Ionian* wave.

I am a bridge o're an Impetuous sea;

Free, and safe passage to the wary step!

But he whose wantonneffe, or folly dares

Decline to either side, falls desperate

Into a certaine ruine.-- Dwell with me,

Whose mansion is not plac'd so neare the Sunne,

As to complaine of's neighbourhood, and be scorch'd

With his directer beames: nor so remote

From his bright rayes as to be situate

Vnder the Icy Pole of the cold Beare;

But in a temperate zone: 'tis I am she,

I am the golden Mediocritie:

The labour of whose wombe are all the vertuos,

And

And every passion too commendable:
Sisters so like themselves, as if they were
All but one birth; no difference to distinguish them
But a respect they beare to severall objects:
Else had their names beene one as are their features,
So when eleven faire Virgins of a blood
All Sisters, and alike growne ripe of yeares,
Match into severall houses, from each family,
Each takes a name distinct, and all are different'd!
They are not of complexion red or pale,
But a sweet mixture of the flesh and blood,
As if both roses were confounded there.
Their stature neither Dwarfenor Gyantish,
But in a comely well dispos'd proportion!
And all so like their mother, that indeed
They are all mine, and I am each of them.
When in the midst of dangers I stand up
A wary confidence betwixt feare and daring,
Not so ungodly bold as not to be
Fearefull of heav'ns just anger when she speaks
In prodigies, and tremble at the hazard
Of my Religion, shake to see my Country
Threatned with fire and sword, be a stark coward
To any thing may blast my reputation:
But I can scorne the worst of poverty,
Sicknesse, Captivity, Banishment, Grim death,
If she dare meete me in the bed of honour;
Where, with my Countries cause upon my sword
Not edg'd with hope or anger, nor made bold
With civill blood, or customary danger;

M

Nor

Nor the fooles whetstone, Inexperience;
 I can throw valour as a lightning from me,
 And then I am the *Amazon* fortitude!
 Give me the moderate cup of lawfull pleasures,
 And I am *Temperance*. Take me wealths just steward,
 And call me *Liberality*; with one hand
 I'll gather riches home, and with the other
 Rightly distribute 'em, and there observe
 The persons, quantity, qualiry, time and places:
 And if in great expences I be set
 Chiefe Arbitresse, I can in glorious workes,
 As raising Temples, Statues, Altars, shrines
 Vestures, and ornaments to Religion, be
 Neither too thrifty nor too prodigall.
 And to my country the like meane observe;
 In building Ships, and Bulwarkes, Castles, walls
 Conducts, Theaters, and what else may serve here
 For use or ornament: And at home be royall
 In Buildings, Gardens, costly furniture,
 In entertainments free and hospitable,
 With a respect to my estate, and meanes,
 And then I may be nam'd *Magnificence*;
 As *Magnanimity*, when I wisely aime
 At greatest honours, if I may deserve 'm,
 Not for ambition, but for my Countreyes good,
 And in that vertue all the rest doe dwell.
 In lesser dignities I want a name;
 And when I am not over patient,
 To put up such grosse wrongs as call me coward;
 But can be angry, yet in that observe:

What

What cause hath mov'd my anger, and with whom,
 Look that it be not suddaine, nor too thirsty
 Of a revenge, nor violent, nor greater
 Then the offence, know my time when, where
 I must be angry, and how long remaine so;
 Then then you may surname me *Mansuetude*.
 When in my carriage and discourse I keepe
 The meane that neither flatters nor offends,
 I am that vertue the well nurtur'd Court
 Gives name, and should doe being--- *Courtesy*.
 Twixt sly dissembling and proud arrogance
 I am the vertue time calls daughter, *Truth*.
 Give me my sword and ballance rightly swayd,
 And *Iustice* is the Title I deserve.
 When on this stage I come with innocent wit,
 And jests that have more of the salt then gall,
 That move the laughter and delight of all,
 Without the griefe of one, free, chaste conceits,
 Not scurrile, base, obscene, illiberall
 Or contumelious slanders, I am then
 The vertue they have term'd, *Urbanity*:
 To whom if your least countenance may appeare.
 She vowes to make her constant dwelling here.
 My daughters now are come---

The Song---

SCEN. 2.

The Masque, wherein all the Vertues dance together.

Medio. You have scene all my daughters, Gentlemen,

M 2

Chuse

Chuse you wives hence, you that are Batchelors
 Can finde no better; And the married too
 May wed 'em, yet not wrong their former wives.
 Two may have the same wife, and the same man
 May wed two Vertues, yet no Bigamic:
 He that weds most is chafest; These are all
 The daughters of my wombe, I have five more,
 The happy Issue of my Intellect,
 And thence syrnam'd the intellectuall Vertues.
 They now attend not on their Mothers train,
 We hope they Act in each spectators braine!
 I have a Neece besides, a beauteous one
 My daughters deare companion-- lonely Friendship
 A royall Nymph; her we present not to,
 It is a vertue we expect from you:

Exit cum Chorocantantium.

SCEN. 3.

Bird. O Sister what a glorious traine they be.
Flow They seeme to mee the Family of Love,
 But is there such a Glasse, good *Roscius*?
Rosci. There is! sent hither by the great Apollo,
 Who in the worlds bright eye and every day
 Set in his Car of light, survaies the earth
 From East to West: who finding every place
 Fruitfull in nothing but fantastique follies,
 And most ridiculous humors, as he is
 The God of Physique, thought it appertain'd
 To him to finde a cure to purge the earth
 Of ignorance and sinne, two grand diseases,

And

And now grown Epidemicall: many Receits
 Hethought upon, as to have planted *Hellebore*
 In every Garden.-- But none pleas'd like this.
 He takes out water from the *Muses* spring,
 And sends it to the North, there to be freez'd
 Into a Christall.-- That being done, he makes,
 A Mirror with it: and instills this vertue,
 That it should by reflection shew each man
 All his deformities both of soule and body.
 And cure 'em both.--

Flow. Good Brother lets goe see it!
 Saints may want something of perfection.

Rosc. The Glasse is but of one daies continuance,
 For *Pluto*, thinking if it should cure all,
 His Kingdome would grow empty, (for 'tis sin
 That Peoples hell) went to the fates and bid 'em
 Spin it too short a thred: (for every thing
 As well as man is measur'd by their spindle.)
 They, as they must obey, gave it a thread
 No longer then the Beast's of *Hyppanis*
 That in one day is spun, drawne out, and cut.
 But *Phæbus* to requite the black Gods envy,
 Will when the Glasse is broke transfuse her vertue
 To live in Comedy--- If you meane to see it
 Make hast---

Flow. We will goe post to reformation. *Exeunt.*

Ros. Nor is the Glasse of so short life I feare
 As this poore labour--- our distrustfull Author
 Thinkes the same Sun that rose upon her cradle
 Will hardly set before her funerall.

Your gracious and kind acceptance may
 Keepe her alive from death, or when shee's dead
 Raife her again, and spin her a new thread.

SCEN. 4.

Enter Flowrdew and Bird.

Flow. This ignorance even makes religion sin,
 Sets zeale upon the rack, and stretches her
 Beyond her length--- Most blessed Looking-glasse
 That didst instruct my blinded eyes to day,
 I might have gone to hell the Narrow-way!

Bird. Hereafter I will visit Comedies,
 And see them oft, they are good exercises!--
 I'll teach devotion now a milder temper,
 Not that it shall loose any of her heat
 Or Purity, but henceforth shall be such
 As shall burne bright although not blaze so much.

Exeunt.

Epilogue

glasse.
EPILOGVS.

Roscius solus.

Y^e Have seen The Muses Looking-glasse, Ladies fair,
And Gentle-youths, And others too who ere
Have fill'd this Orbe: it is the end we meant
Your selves unto your selves still to present.
A souldier shall himselfe in Hector see,
Grave Councillors, Nestor, view themselves in thee.
When Lucrece Part shall on our Stage appeare,
Every chaste Ladie sees her shaddow there.
Nay come who will, for our indifferent Glasses
Will show both fooles, and knaves, and all their faces,
To vex and cure them: But we need not feare,
We doe not doubt but each one now that's here,
That has a faire soule and a Beauteous face,
Will visit oft the Muses Looking-glasse.

FINIS.

fol.
... and of her too ...
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